

The GRAPHIC



Eighteenth Year—March 15, 1913

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AFTERWARD

BY CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

It seems but yesterday we sat here—you and I,
And yonder cushion resting in the easy chair
Still holds the hollow where your head was wont to lie;
(I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

The pipe you loved lies close beside an open book,
The scent of nicotine still hovers in the air;
The driftwood fire is purring in the inglenook;
(I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

The old piano's keys seem yearning for your hands
To fill the quiet room with music rich and rare;
And in the dusk nearby the worn old stool still stands,
(I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

These things are all the same, but, dear, the fire is low,
The dust lies thick upon the pipe and easy chair,
The keys are mute—and O, I know, I know
That when I lift my eyes you'll not be sitting there.

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



LABOR IN A DANGEROUS ALLIANCE

LABOR organizations are alleged to be behind the movement for the circulation of petitions seeking to recall District Attorney John D. Fredericks. If this is true they are enlisted in a sorry cause. Captain Fredericks represents the majesty of the law and in the capacity of public prosecutor he has endeavored to bring to justice a man who, on the testimony of one of his former employees, corroborated by other incriminatory evidence, has been guilty of a heinous offense against the law. It is denied that the present movement is connected with this prosecution, but the public is not to be deceived by specious asseverations; this is the sole issue and the friends of law and order will not shrink from the contest if it comes.

Organized labor will make a grievous blunder if it allows itself to be lured into this trap, sought to be sprung by inconsiderate and ill-advised leaders. Captain Fredericks has only done his duty in seeking to have punished one who is alleged to have aimed a vicious blow at the most sacred bulwark of justice. Presumably, this bruited recall is to be used as a club to compel him to desist from his purpose of proceeding to new trial against Clarence Darrow. This resembles blackmailing tactics, reduced to blunt phrasology, and will be considered as such by all law-abiding citizens. We advise the rank and file union labor men to vote "hands off" such an attempt, which cannot be otherwise than disastrous to their organizations. If the recall petition should chance to receive the required number of signatures it will be defeated ten to one at the polls and those responsible for its inception will reap the obloquy that will inevitably follow.

What has this man Darrow done for labor that he should be idolized by labor, *per se*? Taking him at his own estimate, he has loved and worked for the under dog all his life. He is the friend of the poor and the downtrodden, he says. The McNamaras were martyrs, not murderers; the crime of dynamiting to their death twenty innocent persons was an "accident." What rot! Darrow has been a criminal lawyer all his professional life, demanding ever the highest fee he could command. In the McNamara case he allowed thousands of hardworking men and women to contribute to a defense fund for supposedly innocent victims of capitalistic vengeance. These men Darrow know to be guilty; he, however, was the custodian of the cash and the chief beneficiary. His fee for this humanitarian work of defrauding justice of the right to punish malefactors was enormous. How the colossal sums were spent that came to him from various sources the average labor union

man will never know. If labor is eager to asperse itself and bring disrepute to its allied forces by espousing Darrow's cause it will deserve all it gets.

We refuse to believe that labor, in the mass, is ready to indorse the Darrow doctrines of man's irresponsibility for his actions, of condoning crime, of lauding criminals. As a criminal lawyer Darrow has waxed rich in aiding malefactors to escape the consequences of their actions. His duty to society has been wholly ignored. Said President Wilson in his impressive inaugural address, "The first duty of law is to keep sound the society it serves." How can it keep society sound when lawyers of brilliant but perverted minds make it their business to undermine the law, to deal foul blows to the social order? No more dangerous doctrines than those Darrow enunciated in his appeal to the passions of the jury that convicted him by a two-thirds majority have been uttered in the name of humanity. Humanity has had to stand for many falsities, many hopeless humbugs, but the line is to be drawn sharply in this case if that justice which is the firm basis of good government is to endure.

BIFURCATED SESSION RESUMED

WITH the reconvening of the legislature at Sacramento Monday noon, the second half of the bifurcated session begins. A list of 3,738 bills and 149 constitutional amendments have to be considered, with more to come. The total number of bills, it is likely, will reach 4,000. Probably not more than twenty per cent will get out of committees; perhaps, ten per cent will go to final passage and receive executive approval, including a score of freak measures that are as unsound economically as they are foolish ethically. Never, in the history of the state have so many ridiculous bills been introduced for serious consideration, so many viciously unwise measures come before the legislature for approval.

Of course, the abolition of capital punishment and abolition of the poll tax are among the amendments. Another would attempt to build up our merchant marine by exempting from taxation ships and vessels engaged in foreign commerce. For both the poll tax and merchant marine foolishness Senator Hewitt is responsible. Sixty-nine constitutional amendments had their inception in the senate and 1717 bills, sixteen concurrent resolutions, and twenty-three joint resolutions. In the house a total of 2021 bills was introduced, eighty constitutional amendments, one hundred and eighteen concurrent resolutions and twenty-one joint resolutions. One of the house concurrent resolutions is the absurd proposal to erect a monument to the late "General" Homer Lea, for what reason its author, Assemblyman Farwell, may think he knows, but he is egregiously self-deceived.

Of the vicious attempts to mollycoddle murderers California has had a surfeit in the last twelvemonth. It is now sought to have the people decide this momentous question so fraught with peril to the social body. As to the poll tax, its abolition will excuse a class of men whose only support of government is in that form and to relieve them, including aliens, of their sole burden will mean the adding of it to those who by reason of thrift and industry have acquired tangible property. It is an inequitable proposal that stamps Senator Hewitt, its sponsor, as an unjust legislator. He also is responsible for the attempt to relieve ships engaged in foreign trade from taxation. Not that way can the merchant marine be restored to its former vigor. The antiquated navigation laws that hamper vessel owners in ship building, and the iniquitous tariffs that bring back vessels from foreign ports with inadequate cargoes are mainly responsible.

The crutch Senator Hewitt offers will do no actual good. The remedy must come from the heart of the nation, at Washington, through amended navigation laws and lower tariffs. It is, however, on a par with much other foolish legislation proposed.

DOCTRINE OF NON-RESPONSIBILITY

EXCUSING men who for hire and for hatred dynamited to their death twenty innocent men Clarence Darrow, pleading for his own liberty, told the jury that men are not responsible for what they do. He calls the Times outrage an "accident" and the McNamaras "poor boys" who laid their lives on the altar of what they believed was right. In proof of their goodness he states that he has heard them talk "lovingly" of their mother. This, of course, is convincing. Buck Fanshawe, gambler, rowdy, leader of the tough element in the mining camp, had a saving grace, "He never jumped on his mother." Humanitarians are fond of declaring that there is good to be found in the most depraved of criminals. We are willing to admit that the man who sent to eternity twenty persons might have had a fondness for his mother, even though he was twenty times a murderer.

But if man is not responsible for his own actions who is to be held accountable? Such a doctrine resolves itself into a cowardly attempt to evade the penalty of one's own misdeeds. If accepted, its possibilities for evil are of illimitable proportions. Under it jury bribing is not amenable to the law since the culprit, detected in his base work, is not accountable for his actions. Murderers, thieves, blacklegs of all descriptions are "poor boys" who do what they believe to be right. Faugh! Such specious and illogical reasoning, or non-reasoning, is food for idiots; the wildest visionary would reject it as arrant nonsense. We must accept the statement as one of many calculated to make a favorable impression on a susceptible jury. Possibly, the criminal lawyer who takes a big fee to attempt to prevent justice from dealing to a wretched sinner his deserts is actuated by a great love for humanity, but we cannot lose sight of the retaining fee, with a big bonus, perhaps, contingent upon his client eluding the clutches of the law. The duty owed to society, to uphold the law, for the better protection of the many, apparently, is not a part of the criminal lawyer's creed. There is no money in it for him.

We are ready to admit the brilliant attainments of Clarence Darrow, and, wholly aside from his guilt or innocence, admire his forensic eloquence. But it is for this and for this "resourceful" qualities in other directions that he has been able to command big fees for defending criminals. The greater the crime the larger the emolument. In his trickeries of voice, his quaverings, his dramatic gestures are seen his stock in trade, his chief assets. That he moves himself to tears is not surprising; the clever actor or actress does it repeatedly in a well-invested role. It is the ability to stir juries so successfully, to cause a crime to appear a virtue, that makes men of the Darrow stripe so dangerous; the groundlings are fascinated, they see a demigod, they have no sense of discrimination; they worship blindly and under the spell of insidious oratory are ready to go to any lengths in defense of their idol.

Prosecuted by the district attorney on the evidence that pointed to him as responsible for the bribing of jurors, Darrow calls it persecution. And yet Mr. Darrow is an astute lawyer and must realize that, arguing from cause to effect, he, Darrow, the chief counsel, the sole disburser of the funds collected from thousands of hardworking dupes who thought they

were aiding innocent victims of labor union enemies, appears the logical instigator of Franklin's violation of the law. It is monstrous to suppose that the district attorney framed-up the case, as the defense sought to prove. That would seem to indicate the desperateness of the situation. We deny that Darrow has been tried because he has fought for the weak all his life. He has fought as the Hessians fought in the War of the Rebellion, for hire. In the case at issue he had unlimited means at his command. If the theory of the district attorney is correct, the power of money seemed to him so far-reaching and he was so secure in the belief of his own resourcefulness, that he abandoned caution, underestimated the vigilance and sapience of the officers of the law and came a cropper. He is simply reaping what he has sowed. The responsibility for what he has done rests solely with himself. "For the sins that ye do, by two and two, ye must pay for one by one," sings Mr. Kipling. There is always a day of reckoning. The doctrine of evasion is the doctrine of a coward.

PIERPONT MORGAN AND THE SYSTEM

WARNED by his ailments that this may be his final visit to Europe the greatest financial genius of the United States, J. Pierpont Morgan, is reported to be making what are likely to prove his farewell calls on men of high position in the Old World. There is a note of pathos as well as of philosophic courage in this acceptance of his condition. Mr. Morgan looks death in the face and calmly proceeds to put his house in order. Meanwhile, he will neglect no opportunity to seek relief by means of medical skill, but he probably realizes that his allotment of life has nearly run and is bowing to the dictum with all the resignation that his well-disciplined mind can bring to bear.

Mr. Morgan will be 76 years old if he lives another month. Of all the men of great riches this country has evolved, he has, perhaps, found more enjoyment in exchanging material wealth for ethical pleasures than any of his fellows having similar opportunities. He has delved into antiquities, he has been a consistent and enthusiastic patron of the arts, his interest in hospitals, churches and museums has been liberally demonstrated and his private benefactions have been large. According to his lights he has been what the world calls an honest man, which means that in his pursuit of the dollar he has played the game fairly, as the rules in high financial circles dictate. Our Socialist friends will scoff at this statement; nevertheless, it is true.

It is this reflection that gives him heart of grace in the approaching crisis of his life. For all that he has done, if the disease that now fastens its relentless clutch on his vitals maintains its hold, he must presently give an accounting. Who shall have the temerity to prejudge his case in view of the higher tribunal he may soon be called to face? Shouldering vast responsibilities he has had to make his decisions at times in a way not understood by the masses, because of the far reaching consequences of his acts. It has never been charged that he was devious in his dealings or took undue advantage of the exigencies of a rival. To the contrary, Wall street, friend and foe, has at all times acclaimed his fairness, his justness. Before the Pujo money trust investigating committee he stated that he often lent a man a million, without security, merely on the personal equation. Pierpont Morgan is the incarnation of a successful system. We may not approve the system, but the government, which gave him the opportunities to amass vast riches, was established by the majority and his individual accumulations are one of the resultants.

Much of his colossal fortune has been acquired through his holdings in tariff protected industries. He was shrewd enough to see that the cry for "protection to American workingman" was a popular shibboleth that would prove a source of fabulous riches to the manufacturer. When he organized and floated the securities of the United States Steel Cor-

poration he realized that its greatest asset was the special privileges it enjoyed through the "infant industry" humbug. Was he to blame for availing himself of what a once great party adopted as its corner stone? He simply took advantage of the political conditions that a lusty young country created. That he contributed freely to maintain in office the party responsible for these inequalities was a natural sequence. Study the list of subscriptions to the party of protection for the last quarter of a century and his name and the names of his affiliated associates lead all others in magnitude of donations. It was not patriotism alone that prompted such largesse; it was because handsome returns were assured by the continued retention of the high protection duties guaranteed by the Republican party. Mr. Morgan has a genius for finance; the consumers have contributed to his coffers, but they always had the remedy in their hands through the ballot. Theirs the fault, then, if they failed to apply it aright. It was the pernicious system that helped to create the Morgan fortune. Let the people blame themselves, not this beneficiary who, while the largest, perhaps, is only one among many.

RIGHT HAND TO LATIN AMERICANS

CREAT BRITAIN may or may not have decided to recognize the Huerta provisional government in Mexico, but the decision of President Wilson to await the results of the forthcoming election in the greatly-tried republic, before committing this government, appeals with stronger force as a more logical step. With the known attitude of sentiment, inimical to Huerta and Felix Diaz, existing in the northern half of Mexico, the activities of constitutionalists in Sonora, especially, constituting a grave menace to the slayers of Madero, there is no assurance that the present party in power will continue. Sinaloa and Lower California are reported to have joined with Sonora in the secession movement, Coahuila is restless and Chihuahua anything but placated. The temporary lull in affairs should not deceive anybody. The proverbial volcano may be about ready to burst into action.

In connection with President Wilson's statement concerning the administrative attitude toward Mexico it is interesting to note the formal policy of the President toward the Central and South American republics. He would cultivate the friendship and strive to deserve the confidence of our sister republics, promoting in every honorable way the interests which we have in common. Mutual intercourse, respect and helpfulness, it is rightly stated, are based upon the processes of just government. Personal intrigue, defiance of constitutional rights, will be frowned upon. "We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambitions," says President Wilson. Having no selfish schemes to promote in the sister republics, intent only on fostering the principles of peace, the hand of disinterested friendship is extended and in offering it the President pledges his personal honor and the honor of his colleagues to "every enterprise of peace and amity that a fortunate future may bestow."

This is broad and general in its terms and should be reassuring to those republics forming the A. B. C. union, towit, Argentine, Brazil and Colombia, that have exhibited hysterical symptoms of late in respect to all matters emanating from what their politicians have sarcastically styled "the Republic of the Dollar." Mr. Wilson's frank statement should go far in dissipating the erroneous views held by our South American neighbors in regard to the real significance of the Monroe Doctrine. It may be that the suspicions are simulated, simply for political purposes. Instances of demagoguery fully as rank are not unknown in this country. It is not strange that the common people of the Latin American countries are inclined to resent any suggestions from Uncle Sam, intended for mutual advantage, when their leaders are deliberately misrepresenting our real policy. It is to be hoped that wide dissemination may be given President Wil-

son's official utterances so that they may not be distorted by selfish politicians in the sister republics.

SINALOA JOINS THE SECESSIONISTS

ONZALES has met the fate that was freely predicted would be his lot when, as governor of Chihuahua, he refused to give allegiance to the Huerta-Diaz regime. Like Madero and Suarez he was officially murdered while he was held as a "federal" prisoner of war. Of course, the report that he was killed when attempting to escape is mere fiction. From the day he was deposed he had no chance. Like Madero he was assassinated the better to insure submission of the Maderistas. It is reported that the inside facts of Gonzales' death, soon to be made public, will "horrify the American nation," but that is mere assumption. The American nation, by this time, is fairly used to the murderous tactics that mark the course of the provisional government headed by Huerta.

That the secession spirit in northern Mexico is spreading is evidenced by the reported accession of Sinaloa to the Constitutionalists who have rejected the Huerta government. The state to the south of Sonora has officially declared against the provisional president and named a provisional governor. The revolt has now assumed such proportions that the entire northern half of the republic is reported to be in opposition, causing serious disturbance to the Huerta oligarchy whose efforts to send troops into the disaffected territory are described as frantic. Coahuila's rebel governor seems to be in temporary distress, after organizing what appeared to be a formidable revolt, but this may be censored news, since it comes via Mexico City.

Colonel Kosterlitzky, in command of the rurales defending Nogales, is in a serious predicament and if the troops under General Ojeda fail to arrive he may meet his finish at the hands of the Sonora Constitutionalists now investing Nogales. He is reported to have lost seventeen men with eleven more wounded in the first actual battle between the opposing forces since Huerta assumed control. The situation is such that a few pronounced triumphs of the state troops in Sonora may prove the torch to set all northern Mexico afame. Madero and Gonzales may yet be avenged. Certainly, the brutal killing of the deposed governor will not tend to pacify the bitter feeling now regnant in Chihuahua against the bloody rule of Huerta.

POSTERITY AT A SACRIFICE

WHILE our sympathies go out to that Brooklyn teacher of physical training who has jeopardized a \$2500 position by yielding to the maternal instinct, in the devotion to which she asks a year's leave of absence, the board of education is undoubtedly right in replying that the rules cannot be suspended in her case and that if she absents herself for a year she must be subject to the regulations which declare her place vacant after a certain specified time. It may seem harsh, but it is only justice to others in line for promotion. The physical culture mother may or may not be able to return at the expiration of her self-elected term of absence. Her own private kindergarten may prove more alluring than she realizes at this time.

Besides, there is no guaranty that she will not repeat her instinctive process and in another year after her return ask for a further leave to contribute to the great sum of humanity. Such division of service is likely to prove embarrassing to any board of education. If the physical culture teacher may have the rules suspended so also may any other teacher with the result that a succession of substitutes would be in the school rooms with the regular teachers doing duty in their home sphere. When a woman marries she must accept the consequences. Of course, the \$2500 position is a plum hard to lose, but the prospective riches, maternally speaking, will, doubtless, compensate. If not at first, let us hope later.

Much may be said in behalf of the married teacher and her right to place, but the schools, primarily, are for the pupils and their welfare must be the first con-

sideration. The courts have held that a married woman cannot be debarred from teaching merely because she is married, but her employment, as in the present instance, must be rendered amenable to the rules and regulations and each case decided on its individual merits. Really, the board of education had no option but to act as it has done and require the resignation of the teacher. Its first duty was to the schools; after that, the teacher with the divided interests is entitled to consideration.

SUFFRAGE METHODS HERE AND ABROAD

CALIFORNIA women have been a little slow in expressing their disapproval of the contemptible inactivities of the Washington police in the non-performance of their duty March 3, in the suffrage parade. In urging the senate committee of investigation to place the responsibility where it belongs, to the end that examples may be made of the worse than incompetent police, our enfranchised women through their several leagues and councils, representing a membership of upward of forty thousand, have only expressed their plain right of protest. As the investigations proceed and the personal testimony is made public the evidence accumulates that a dastardly plan deliberately to ignore the acts of rowdies prevailed, which extended from the highest officials to the lowest, captains, lieutenants, sergeants and patrolmen alike showing an indifference to duty.

There should be a wholesale cleaning out of the police department in consequence and we hope the senate committee will not rest until the men proved guilty of negligence are dismissed from the service. Witnesses of high repute, daughters of representatives, wives of senators, and others equally deserving of confidence, have revealed the insolent attitude of the police, their utter disregard of flagrant outrages occurring before their eyes, their sneering comments on the efforts of the women to resent the indignities to which marchers were subjected. The testimony unfolded is both disturbing and nauseating. Disturbing to think that men clothed in authority should so disgrace their uniforms and so besmirch their manhood; nauseating, to dwell upon the poltroonery of the mob that so harried earnest women who were epitomizing a great forward movement.

Our women seeking the right of suffrage have in no particular given offense by committing any overt act. Their efforts at publicity have infringed on nobody's rights; no property has been injured or assailed, no threats have been made, no laws violated. Contrasting the restrained conduct of our suffragists with that of their sisters across the water a wide dissimilarity of policy of action is noticeable. It is shocking to read that an attempt to burn the British Museum Monday is seriously attributed to the militant suffragettes. We hesitate to accept this report as bona fide, but the circumstances are suspicious and after the Lloyd George house outrage and the Kew Gardens folly one is forced to take cognizance of the wilful determination of the misguided women. The loss of the treasures in the British Museum would be a greater calamity than the burning of the Alexandrian libraries by Julius Caesar and Theodosius. That such an attempt should be attributed to women serves to reveal the intensity of feeling in London as well as the advanced stage of insanity the militant monomania has reached.

EXAMPLES THAT RETARD SAVING HABIT

EXCELLENT advice is given by Mr. Henry E. Huntington on the subject of saving and on living within one's means. The greatest trouble with young men, he declares, is that they do not form the habit. They think it is impossible to live on less than they are earning. Mr. Huntington does not object to a young man going into debt if it is wisely incurred; if he will obligate himself for a home, for instance, he will have to save and with this ever-present object he will be driven into the way of saving. "Whether our incomes are big or little," declares this successful man, "we all spend money for things we think we need when we would be just as happy without them."

Fundamentally, there is nothing wrong with Mr.

Huntington's premises nor yet with his conclusions, but he loses sight of one dominant factor that militates against the saving habit and that is the age of extravagance in which we live. Primarily, the municipalities are to blame. Nearly every city in the country is bent on mortgaging the future by creating a bonded indebtedness, in many cases up to their legal limit. In few instances do they levy a direct tax, but by borrowing on their credit spend money for things they think they need, to employ Mr. Huntington's phrase. This tendency is reflected in the individual, especially in the man on a fixed salary. He sees his neighbor with a more elastic income enjoying luxuries that he presently craves and to get which he goes into debt, a debt that is not wisely incurred. So the craze for spending permeates every community until it is no wonder that young men form expensive habits that carry them far beyond their incomes.

Doubtless, this is the day of opportunity, as Mr. Huntington observes, but it is also the day of the automobile, with all its attendant extravagances. Our boys and girls are growing up in a wrong atmosphere; they are allowed privileges at fourteen and sixteen which in a prior generation were not acquired until school days had been left behind. It is a silk-stock, imported-hat age. Our young folk are blasé before they are well into the pubescent period. Their fathers are so busy putting through "big deals" and their mothers have so many social and committee duties to perform that the children are left largely to their own devices. Read on this same page a letter written by an earnest mother on the irresponsibility of careless parents and be convinced that this is not an alarm sounded by a pessimist or an old fogey. The craze for spending money has so obsessed the age that few young men on salary are living within their means, much less saving a dollar. Not until the higher-ups set a saner example, not until our cities retrench will our lads show a tendency to do likewise. Old Samuel Warren in his "Ten Thousand a Year" hit off this fault pithily when he wrote: "Income, ten thousand a year; expenditures £9,999.99. Result: happiness." "Income, ten thousand a year; expenditures £10,000.01. Result: misery." There is the lesson in a nutshell.

PRE-MATRIMONIAL BROMIDES

AMONG other traits which a Kansas City Romeo is said to be cultivating in order to prove an ideal husband and insure a happy married life are enumerated these bromidical reflections:

Continue to court his wife after marriage.
Occasionally take her flowers and candy.
Remember the little things, which the ordinary man thinks of slight importance, mean much to a woman's happiness.

Pass all his evenings at home, and never leave his wife alone unless business requires.

Start the fire in the morning.

Never talk in jest about other women caring for him.

Try not to arouse his wife's jealousy.

Convincing her that every thought of his affection is centered in her.

"Start the fire in the morning!" Fiddlesticks! The husband who would aim to make his wife really happy would have a gas stove, which demands only the application of a lighted match to put into active commission. "Never leave his wife alone unless business requires." Ugh! What a dreary prospect for both! She doesn't need such guardianship nor yet crave it; we have often speculated on the nuisance a minister must prove to his wife who has his study in the house and is continually within reach. She may love him never so dearly, but we'll wager a cookie she often wishes he were well out of hearing for a few hours daily. A reasonable separation is wholesome for both.

"Try not to arouse his wife's jealousy." No, nor yet her sarcasm when he jests about "the other women who care for him." The stupid husband who makes breaks of this nature is inviting retaliatory measures that will cause the green-eyed monster to spring up, full-armed, to rave and rage about her "reprehensible" conduct. The Kansas City man spouts like an amateur. "The foolish man points to the stain on the floor, but the wise man covers it with a car-

pet" is an adage he might apply when he is tempted to boast of his conquests abroad. Besides, the average wife knows so well her husband's shortcomings that it calls for all her charity to refrain from exposing the tenuous basis on which his vanity rests.

That the average husband does fall into commonplaces as the fires of his youth become banked is, unfortunately, true. He is so concerned about meeting the family bills that he is prone to overlook the flowers and candy of early married life. But he need not forget the compliments, the airy trifles that cost nothing and which so materially lighten the load borne at home if the husband is thoughtful enough to bestow them. We hope the Kansas City man will live up to his good resolutions, bromidical though they are. We fear he will prove neither better nor worse than those who have preceded him at the court of Hymen. All start in well, but presently they lag behind and, alas, never catch up with their pre-matrimonial resolves. We place the onus all on the man, because woman is naturally receptive--and responsive. She invariably gives in proportion to what she gets.

LOOKS ASKANCE ON THE HALTER

JOHN TRUMBULL in his revolutionary satire, written in imitation of Hudibras, toward the close of the last century, remarked that "no man e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." These lines recur to mind as we read Mr. Olaf Tveitmoe's reflections on the prosecuting attorney who so ably conducted the case and the federal judge who presided at the trial of the dynamiters at Indianapolis. Back from his two months' incarceration at Leavenworth, to which the bail-released Tveitmoe refers as his "vacation," the convicted dynamiter is found animadverting against the law that was enforced to send him and his fellows to the penitentiary. He has harsh words for the federal officers, who, however, like our own Captain Fredericks in the Darrow case, merely did their duty.

Meanwhile, in their absence, Messrs. Ryan, Tveitmoe and Clancy, regardless of their several derelictions, have been re-elected to office by an admiring constituency. Ryan as president of the structural ironworkers, Tveitmoe as secretary-treasurer of the Building Trades Council of San Francisco, and Clancy as committeeman. That each may have to resign office in the event that the appeals to a higher court are denied is a contingency apparently not considered or, perhaps, it is a piece of bravado on the part of the two organizations. We are surprised to find a note of protest registered from Sacramento in regard to the honors paid to Tveitmoe and Clancy. One of the local branches of organized labor at the state capital has been so indiscreet as to suggest that it is a reflection on union labor to put back into office men found guilty of violating the law and who are under penitentiary sentence. Naturally, the Tveitmoe-Clancy push will promptly suppress such revolutionary sentiments.

We assume that the cost of the public reception tendered to the returning Leavenworth vacationists will be duly charged to the state council and receive the approval of the secretary-treasurer. Other items have been similarly charged which, if they were made public, would not read well. What a pity that organized labor, when it has opportunity to rid itself of men who prey upon the masses and are an affront to honest citizenship, does not purge its membership. Here is a man in Southern California two-thirds convicted of a monstrous crime against organized society who is touted by a coterie of emotionalists as a hero, a martyr, a demigod. But he is nothing of the kind; like Tveitmoe and Clancy and that ilk, he is of kin to the master minds who dominate and feed upon the rank-and-file who are never allowed to reach the troughs. Union labor in the mass is the bearer of many unjust burdens in nowise imposed by the capitalistic interests.

It will cost Massachusetts women \$100 for each violation of the hatpin law. Like Boston terriers they must go muzzled or be fined.

Count Tolstoy's Weak Plea for Anarchy---By Randolph Bartlett

(THIRTY-SEVENTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

COUNT Leo Tolstoy was an anarchist. He did not believe in spreading the propaganda with the aid of bombs and midnight assassinations, but rather by a policy of nonresistance. In other words, instead of murdering an official, he advocated the ignoring of the official's authority, and passive acceptance of the penalties the official would be forced to inflict, to maintain that authority. The presumption is that in time the officials would be so impressed with the spectacle of this allegedly Christ-like procedure, that they would cease to enforce the laws, and all men would be aroused to adopt brotherly love as the mainspring of action.

Apparently, Tolstoy's drama, "The Light That Shines in Darkness," was designed as an epic of idealized anarchy, showing the beauty of character of a man acting under the anarchic principles, and the superficiality of those who brought mere conventionality to bear upon him to prevent him from acting according to his conscience. In a sense it is rather unfair to criticize the work, as it was left unfinished, yet there is sufficient of it complete to indicate clearly the course of the argument, and it is not convincing to the American mind. He has made Nicholas Ivanovich Sarintsev strong, consistent, and actuated by pure humanitarianism, while he has set up against him a community of superficial characters, selfish, bigoted, and stupid. So—

They roused him with muffins—they roused him with ice—

They roused him with mustard and cress—
They roused him with jam and judicious advice—
They set him conundrums to guess.

But not one word of common sense did any one address to this fanatic, intent upon a literal interpretation of scriptural injunctions, over which theologians and sociologists have debated for many centuries. Nicholas decided that he had no right to be wealthy, that the property he had partly inherited and partly developed did not belong to him, and he wanted to give it away. Instead of showing him that this was a cowardly evasion of his responsibility as a rich man, shallow priests argued over texts which may be construed a dozen different ways, his family grew hysterical and his whole social circle was turned topsy-turvy. It is all rather amusing, and, certainly, if this is the best argument that anarchy can bring forward, its case is weak indeed.

Nicholas, a wealthy land-owner, has passed through two psychological stages and entered a third. Originally, he was indifferent to moral or social questions. Then he became a devout churchman. Finally, he decided that only by a literal observance of the Christ teachings could he save his soul, and the injunction which impressed him most was that which orders the rich man to sell all that he has and give to the poor. The play begins in the early stages of this last mental condition. A peasant has been arrested for cutting down a tree on Nicholas' estate, and he has gone to the court to try to have the man pardoned. In itself this does not appear a revolutionary thing to do, but as a symptom of his disease it worries his wife, Marie, and the remainder of the family circle, which consists of his wife's sister, Alexandra, and her husband Peter, and Nicholas' children, Luba, Missie, Stephen and Vania.

Another family complication has arisen in the fact that Stephen, having completed his schooling, wants to enter the army, and his father has decided that the army makes murder a profession, and refuses to furnish the money. Also, Luba, the elder daughter, is about to become engaged to Boris, son of Princess Cheremshanov, and if the family fortune is to be given to the poor this may be impossible because of the lack of a suitable dowry. It is all quite terrible. The only person for whom one entertains any sympathy, looking at the situation from this side of the Atlantic, is the wife, who feels that the proper bringing up of the family calls for a certain degree of financial stability. To overthrow their entire mode of living with one sweep of the hand appears to her, as it does to any normal person, preposterous.

For aid in this threatened storm the family has appealed to the village priest, a young and visionary individual, who is soon brought under the influence of Nicholas, his superficial dogmatism proving a weak weapon against Nicholas' sincere unselfishness. Their long discussion of doctrinal points simply interferes with the course of the drama. The real struggle is between Nicholas and his wife.

Manifestly, for the purpose of showing that the peasants among whom Nicholas would distribute his property, are in dire need of assistance, Tolstoy injects a short scene in a village, in which poverty, sickness and their attendant ills are shown. It appears to the unbiased reader, however, that these people have displayed their utter inability to make

the best of the opportunities they already possess, and that what they need is not more property, but education. By way of contrast, the next scene shows the young folks enjoying a musical affair. Nicholas enters, and upbraids them for enjoying life while the problems of the poor are confronting them on every side. Still, no person has a word of common horse sense to offer the troubled man.

Meanwhile, Nicholas' wife's sister has called out the reserves. She has brought from Moscow an eminent priest, and a lawyer—the former to convince Nicholas of the error of his ways, and the latter to execute a transfer of the property to Marie if Nicholas remains obdurate. The priest is no more successful than the local churchman, and his arguments several degrees more stupid. Nicholas soon disposes of him, and then follows this discussion of the situation with the sympathetic, but fearful Marie:

NICHOLAS. (Sits in thought and smiles meditatively). Masha, what is all this about? Why did you ask that miserable, misguided man to come here? Why should that noisy woman and this priest take part in the most intimate questions of our life? Couldn't we settle all our affairs ourselves?

MARIE. But what can I do if you wish to leave our children with nothing? I cannot sit still and let you do that. You know it is not greed—I do not want anything for myself.

NICHOLAS. I know, I know. I trust you. But the misfortune is that you do not believe. I don't mean that you don't believe the truth. I know you see it; but you cannot bring yourself to trust it. You do not trust the truth, and you do not trust me. You would rather trust the crowd—the princess and the rest.

MARIE. I trust you; I have always trusted you. But when you want to make our children beggars—

NICHOLAS. That proves that you do not trust me. Do you imagine I have not struggled and have not had fears? But now I am perfectly convinced, not only that it can be done, but must be done, and that this is the only right thing to do for the children. You always say that if it were not for the children you would follow me. And I say that if it were not for the children you might go on living as you do. We should only be injuring ourselves. As it is we injure them.

MARIE. But what can I do if I don't understand?

NICHOLAS. And I—what am I to do? I know why you sent for that poor creature dressed up in his cassock and his cross, and I know why Aline brought the lawyer. You want me to transfer the estate to your name. I cannot do that. You know I have loved you during the twenty years we have been married. I love you, and I have every wish for your welfare, and that is why I cannot sign that transfer. If I am to make over the estate then it must be to those from whom it came—the peasants. I cannot give it to you. I must give it to them. I am glad the lawyer has come. I must do it.

MARIE. This is dreadful! Why are you so cruel? If you think it a sin to hold property, give it to me. (Weeps).

NICHOLAS. You do not know what you are saying. If I give it to you I could not go on living with you. I should have to go away. I cannot continue to live in these conditions, and see the peasants squeezed dry, whether it is in your name or mine. I cannot see them put in prison. So choose.

MARIE. How cruel you are! This is not Christianity; it is wicked. I cannot live as you want me to do. I cannot take things from my children to give to strangers, and for that you would forsake me! Well, go. I see that you no longer love me, and indeed, I know the reason.

NICHOLAS. Very well, I will sign it. But Masha, you are asking the impossible of me. (Goes to the table and signs). It is you who desired that. I cannot live so. (Rushes away holding his head).

MARIE. (Calling). Luba! Aline! (They enter). He has signed—and gone. What am I to do? He said he would go away, and he will. Go to him.

LUBA. He is gone.

Nicholas was not permanently "gone" however. Having turned over his entire fortune to his wife, he finds that he is unable to support himself independently. There is no suggestion of the natural question, what would he have done had he been required not merely to support himself, but his large family, had he given his property to the peasants, for even the small portion he proposed to retain would have been insufficient for their needs. The answer that he might have retained enough for themselves, and still have given away a great deal is an evasion. If the property was not his, he had no right to keep any of it. He feels that he has done wrongly, however, and tries to learn the carpenter trade, but makes little progress.

Meanwhile, new gleams have been lighted from this "light which shines in darkness." The young priest has forsaken his calling, and Boris, son of the princess, betrothed of Nicholas' eldest daughter, has gone to join a regiment with the fine nonresistance theories resounding in his ears. Boris straightway

gets into trouble. He refuses to take the oath, insults his superior officer, and in general denounces the government. He explains his actions by quoting Biblical texts. He is then taken to a police official, to ascertain whether or not he is a dangerous revolutionary. His simplicity of mind extricates him from this danger, and he is then taken to an insane asylum for examination. He continues his passive attitude to its logical conclusion, and is held at the sanitarium, where the shrieks of violent patients picturesquely assail the ears.

Princess Cheremshanova brings Nicholas to the asylum, hoping that he will induce Boris to retract. Nicholas, however, merely tells the youth to follow the dictates of his conscience, and continue in his course so long as he maintains it, not from pride or for the "praise of men," but because of the promptings of his soul. So Boris remains.

One year passes. Nicholas still lives in the same house with his family, but has little intercourse with them. Marie feels it is due to her children to give a large evening entertainment, at which the engagement of Luba, who has broken off with Boris, and has accepted a fashionable society man, is to be announced. Nicholas, just back from a visit to Boris, is conscious-stricken with the contrast, and declares he can endure the life no longer. He is about to start out on a vagabond existence with a common tramp. Marie pleads in the name of their love. Nicholas, half hysterical, consents to remain. The princess rushes in, upbraids Nicholas violently for having ruined her son, while he continues to live in ease and luxury, and departs with the sinister words, "You must save him. If you do not—remember." The scene ends with a cheap bit of theatricalism, wherein a chain of guests and members of the family pass through the room where Nicholas is lying on a couch wrestling with his life problem—a little touch of David Belasco.

This is the end of the finished portion of the play. The remainder is in scenario form. Boris is taken from the asylum to a "disciplinary battalion," and ordered to be flogged. His mother petitions the czar in person in a scene where cringing supplicants are shown contrasted with jesting courtiers. The scene changes to Nicholas' home again. He is prostrated from dejection, and his wife is deeply troubled over his condition. The princess rushes in and kills him, and he "dies rejoicing that the falsehoods of the church are broken down."

The form of the play must not be criticized, for, doubtless, it would have been revised extensively had Tolstoy finished it. In its present shape it is heterogeneous and unsatisfactory. But the spirit is easily discernible, and there is little to be praised. If the dialogues upon religion, orthodoxy, the established church, and kindred subjects, were removed, and taken by themselves, they would form an interesting statement of conflicting religious tendencies, yet even then the church is not given a fair showing. The difficulty is that Nicholas' problem, what to do with wealth to which he believed he was not entitled, is inextricably tangled with his religious fanaticism and revolt against authority. The two propositions do not necessarily involve each other, and if the economic side were considered independently its solution would present less bewildering difficulties.

To the student of sociology, the course Nicholas proposed to pursue was nothing short of cowardly. Because he did not believe he had any right to his property he proposed to give it away to those who may have had even less claim to it, individually, than he himself, and who certainly did not possess the ability to administer affairs of any importance. This is a clear evasion of responsibility. Granting that he had come by his wealth even dishonorably, the duty that plainly lay before him was to handle it so as to be of greatest benefit either to those to whom it belonged—who in his case were generations long dead—or failing that, to persons in similar circumstances. Merely to beggar his own family to benefit ignorant and helpless peasants, who could not be trusted with a sudden accession of property, is the program of a weak and thoughtless man.

(*"The Light That Shines in Darkness,"* by Leo Tolstoy. Edited by De Hagberg Wright. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Collection agencies will have to file a bond of \$5000 with the secretary of state if the senate bill to that effect is approved by the house. It is a righteous measure. There are collection agencies in Los Angeles, for example, that present bills to their clients after taking everything in sight for their work and finding it not enough. They are harpies whose beaks needs filing along with their bonds.

BRAZIERS FOR CHILL, SIDEWALK-CAFFES

FIRST and most important piece of news this week, at least for those who are actually living in Paris, is the fact that we are having a cold snap, a taste of that great Parisian rarity, real winter. It is always a surprise to people who come to live here for the first time to find this climate so very mild. After all, Paris is a northern city, and one naturally and not without reason expects it to be as northern cities are, cold and disagreeable. It is nothing of the kind. There is a great deal of rain in most seasons, winter as well as summer, but it is rarely cold. Snow comes in driblets few and far between. We had, if I remember right, one snow storm lasting a few hours, or minutes, last winter, and this winter we have had exactly the same so far. And most of us hope that we will have no more, for the trees are all in bud, the birds are beginning to nest, and the whole world seems to be getting ready for a premature spring.

Most surprising is the effect this cold weather has on the Parisians,—and also the effect it does not have on this pleasure-loving and conservative population. For instance, coming home late last night from the Emil Sauer concert, (he played beautifully), I noticed that many people were sitting out on the sidewalks in front of the cafés sipping their drinks as usual just as they would do, and you would expect them to do, in the mildest summer weather. Some of these café-sidewalks, or sidewalk-cafés, have awnings hanging down almost to the ground and braziers filled with glowing coals underneath them, which does raise the temperature a little, no doubt. But many of the largest cafés along the boulevards and the Rue Royal were wide open last night,—no awnings or fires,—and yet the terraces were well filled with the usual gay and careless throng which is one of the things that makes Paris so attractive, because these people give the impression of being care-free, Arcadian,—and are, probably, in fact, just the opposite, but that is a part of the picture of which one should never think.)

* * *

But what would you think of sitting an hour or so out on the sidewalk in the open air drinking beer or something no more heating when the thermometer was down to half a dozen or more degrees below the freezing point, when the dust was flying up from the frozen streets in clouds, and when every late passenger was hurrying by all muffled up and blowing a jet of steam with every breath? I suppose, if Paris had a San Francisco earthquake, or another war with its friends across the Rhine, or a repetition of the floods, or a fire, or any other calamity, it would go right on sitting out in front of its cafés night and day, dry or wet, cold or warm. It looks to the foreigner like a mere invention for wasting time cheaply and easily, getting amused by the passing crowd almost cost free. But have the people no feelings? Or are they so wedded to their customs that they cannot give them up even for a single day? Or are they rabid physical culturists and fresh air fiends who would rather freeze than be shut up in a room? Impossible to answer these questions, but I certainly feel as if the government should pay these all-night-café-sitters a salary, a weekly or hourly wage, for giving this great city its character which differs from that of any other city in the world and holds the foreigner, especially the American, and his money in a grip from which it is not easy to break away.

There is another curious phase of this question which is no less puzzling. This is the fact that Parisians have a way of falling dead or unconscious on the street from cold. They call it congestion. In the intense heat of summer you expect to hear of heat congestions; also, of course, you expect to hear of a few unfortunates who die of exposure at every period of real cold. But that well-fed and seemingly fairly prosperous people should keel over from congestion when the thermometer is down near or below the freezing point is hard to understand. . . . Another curious thing, which I believe I have already mentioned in former letters, is the fact that the Parisian cares not at all how cold or how wet his feet are if only his head is wrapped up. It is positively absurd to see a man going along with his head and neck all swathed in woolen mufflers, with his hands encased in the heaviest of cloth gloves, and with his feet protected only by the lightest of shoes, often well worn, and, of course, wet through and cold in proportion. Another curious thing is the fact that the taxi drivers show a positive antipathy toward wearing gloves. Their hands are often so stiff that they cannot give you change when you want to pay them. How they can be sure of handling the steering wheel I am sure I don't know. And why they do not wear gloves is equally a mystery.

* * *

Another thing that is no less interesting to observe in this cold snap is the great interest that these Parisians take in ice skating and the little ice they are satisfied with. Like children who will skate on a

puddle they congregate in large numbers at the flooded field of the "Vel Buffalo" where there is a small sheet of soft, rough, slushy ice, there to pass their mornings and as much of their afternoons as the melting ice will permit. It is really comic. Such ice as this is, I am sure, even the average American boy would scorn. But here are the crowds and they seem to be happy and satisfied, so it is certainly not our business to object.

It is no less interesting to watch the flying machines which sail so swiftly and so gracefully over the city on each of these clear, still days, in spite of the cold, which must be intense up there in the blue, and greatly accentuated by the speed at which they travel. One aviator told me that the only impression he brought down with him from any of his long flights, even in summer, was the impression of cold, stiff and aching hands. He said that after the first hour or two the thing became almost unbearable; you felt like simply letting go and taking chances while you warmed up. And at the same time, he said, the body, all wrapped in warm clothes, was mostly too warm. It was just the hands and the feet. What must it be, then, at this season! And yet, how graceful they look, how easy and bird-like it all seems, how much we envy these chosen ones for their privilege to rise above us and fly over our heads. We feel that they must be looking down upon us in scorn,—and I guess as an actual matter of fact they are often wondering what they went up for, and promising themselves never to go up again.

* * *

Recently, a new play has been given, at least, to be exact, an old play that has at last come out. This is "L'Enchantement" by Henry Bataille. It is chiefly noticeable from the fact that it is by a great playwright, one of his early works, I believe, and also from the fact that it is one of the most remarkable expressions of French degeneracy that one could possibly imagine. The whole of the French view of what they call love is brought out in it with utterly disgusting vividness. It is the story of two sisters. One of them, much the elder, has acted as mother to the younger one. Finally, this older sister decides to get married and on her wedding day discovers that her younger sister is wildly in love with the man the older sister is about to marry. The younger one is so wild about it that she tries to commit suicide, leaving a letter declaring her love and her wish to die because her sister has taken from her the man she loves. They discover this in time to save her. She is only sixteen and we shrewdly suspect that she was not really so anxious to die as she was to let the man in the question know of her love. However, he is safely married to her elder sister and he happens to be an honest man who will not take advantage of this silly girl's silly caprice. But the girl throws dignity, secrecy, everything, overboard. She openly declares her love to everybody in the house. She lets no one remain ignorant of it. She makes her unhappiness the one topic of conversation and stirs up the whole world with her desires.

One can easily see how a simply killing and utterly harmless farce could be made out of this situation, but this is no farce. It is nearer a tragedy. And what a disgusting one it is! It is impossible to imagine any girl acting as this one acts unless she be an utter moral pervert, a complete degenerate. And yet we somehow get the idea that the author has no desire to picture for us a moral pervert or a degenerate but merely a normal young French girl in love. This child is utterly abnormal. She forgets everything and everybody. She seems unconscious of her own selfishness, unconscious of any shame. She makes a public show of her feelings, and what feelings! Love for the husband of the sister who has been everything to her! There is but one lesson apparent in the thing,—or rather, two: First, don't spoil your children, especially your little sister; and, second, don't go to French plays—they leave a bad taste in your mouth.

Paris, Feb. 24, 1913. FRANK PATTERSON.

Austria is trying moral suasion on Servia to induce the latter to refrain from aiding in the capture of Scutari. Servia retorts that she is obligated by treaty to help her allies and that Austria is interfering in what is none of her business. The feeling between the two countries is epitomized as "tense." We believe it.

Circumstances beyond his control are named by Councilman Rhodes as the reason for his withdrawal from the race for city commissioner. This same explanation will be given by thirty other aspirants next Thursday night. Only, they will not have forestalled their fate.

One of his hungry patients has sued a "normal life" practitioner of Los Angeles who was compelled to subsist on an "electrical" diet. The currents probably disagreed with her.

MODERN ART OF THE FUTURISTS

BY many people the International Exhibition of Modern Art arranged by the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, now being held in the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, is regarded as the most important exhibition ever held in this country. President Arthur B. Davies has explained the attitude of the association by saying that the time has come when the public should have the opportunity to see the results of new influences at work in other countries, and while it proposes to enter no controversy nor to uphold any institution it wishes to put on exhibition modern paintings and sculptures so that intelligent persons may judge for themselves. It is argued that the forces which have made themselves felt abroad cannot be ignored because they have produced results and that American artists will welcome the exhibition of foreign sculptures and paintings in order that they may measure their own powers and development. A paragraph in the foreword to the catalogue is worth quoting in entirety: "Art is a sign of life. There can be no life without change, as there can be no development without change. To be afraid of what is different or unfamiliar is to be afraid of life, and to be afraid of life is to be afraid of truth, and to be a champion of superstition. This exhibition is an indication that the Association of American Painters and Sculptors is against cowardice even when it takes the form of amiable self satisfaction." No better foreword could be said concerning this exhibition. The impulse of the average person, especially one who has not kept up with the extreme tendencies, is to shriek with horror or to scream with laughter. That I did not let out a veritable Indian war whoop at my first glance at certain of the futurist work was only because the conventions of polite society were too much for me. The impulse was there.

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This exhibition, however, has made many things clear to me which were very much in the dark before. And even where it is my impulse to condemn, to say that the artist is not sincere, that he is merely playing a joke on the public, I hesitate. The lesson taught by the play "Milestones" is a significant one, so far as this exhibition is concerned. There it is shown, indisputably, that the radical of today is the conservative tomorrow; in youth one is progressive, ready for new things and radical departures, in age the old accustomed thing is all that has in it of good. May it not be that even in the crudest of these expressions there is the germ of tomorrow's art? It may, or may not, be true that Matisse has been faking for the fun of it for the last few years to see what the public will stand, but even the wildest, weirdest results—pictures that seem as if a child had in an aimless way spread his colors over the nearest piece of white paper, have been in quarters accepted seriously. And may this not have been the means of freeing the expression of our more conventional artists?—so that even if present day results are nothing more than an ephemeral passing thing, its effect will have a lasting value that will make of all art something finer, simpler, more suggestive of beauty. Occasionally, it takes an extreme presentation of a thing to open our eyes.

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I have noticed in the last few days since seeing certain of the portraits in the exhibition that in passing glimpses of people seen on the street the quick impression that permitted only the registration of salient characteristics was not far different from those portraits that aroused criticism and ire. A friend of mine who happened to be an impressionist painter was once walking through the British Museum with Sir Richard Garnett. He had been inveighing against impressionism. He could see nothing in it and the painters who essayed it were to him worse than idiots. In passing a window there appeared in the glass a reflection of one of the book-stacks. It was mellowed and softened and altogether lovely. Sir Richard stopped a moment and remarked the beauty of it, and forgetting the previous conversation he said, "Did you ever notice that at times the impression of a thing is much more beautiful than the thing itself?" And in another moment he was converted at least to the principle that governs the impressionist. And so it is going today.

* * *

The huge, bare, drill hall of the armory has been transformed for this exhibition into a thing of beauty. The spreading glass roof has been almost hidden by streamers of soft colored stuff. Gallery divisions are made of burlap outlined along the top with ropes of green, and about the gallery are placed pine trees that give the effect of an Italian garden. The earliest impression made upon the eye is of beauty and artistic importance. The first gallery is lined with fine screens and decorations made by Robert Chanler, wonderfully beautiful both in subject, treatment and color. Galleries B. C. D. E. F are devoted to native painters who show modern

tendencies beginning with the impressionists and progressing toward the followers of the post impressionists. Gallery G is devoted to Irish and English artists, Gallery H to the weird productions of the post impressionists, Gallery I belongs to the Cubists and Futurists, Gallery J is devoted to flower studies and the works of Rodin, Galleries K, L, M, N are set apart for Americans with ultra tendencies. Galleries O, P, Q, R are more conventional. They contain the works of Monet, Manet, Sisley, Renoir, Degas, Puvis de Chavannes, Van Gough, Cezanne—which a few years ago were condemned as extreme.

The many works of sculpture are placed in several of the rooms. Except for a few of the futurist school they are more or less conventional and perhaps not so representative as the paintings. In all, 1040 works are shown. Many of them are unmeaning, fantastically bad, repulsive, amusing. But these are more than offset by the mass of beauty and serious productions presented. There is something there for the taste of everybody, and everybody, apparently, is flocking there. One afternoon recently there were five thousand people, a representative crowd not of artistic New York but of average citizens, attracted by something new and strange. Everywhere ones goes one hears such remarks as "Indeed, it is just like a tea. You go and you see everybody you know. And did you ever see the like of those things? Can you make out the king and queen coming down stairs and have you seen the procession and what do you think of Mdlle. Pogany?"

Mdlle. Pogany seems to be the piece de resistance for those disposed to make fun, though she has a close second in "The Nude Coming Down Stairs." She seems at first glance to be a cross between an easter egg and a newly hatched chicken. Her two hands are clasped under her cheek and her wide eyes are looking into space. There is hardly any room on her egg-shaped face for anything but her eyes. Other features are but indicated. At first, I was inclined to shriek with merriment. The next time I changed my mind. Mdlle. Pogany had a distinct message for me. Her far seeing eyes were the embodiment of abstraction. She is so concentrated that nothing can obtrude itself on her attention. Beside her stands a Muse by the same sculptor, Brancusi. Her head is delicately poised and she seems to have no features to speak of, yet she, too, had her message for me, for she was the embodiment of subjective abstraction. As Mdlle. Pogany contemplates something outside herself the other sees an inward idea; she herself is creating something and it pleases her.

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It is to this room and the next galleries H and I that the mobs flock. They have heard of these strange things and they have come to see and many times to jeer. In Gallery T one sees on the various canvases, various triangles and cubes in striking colors. Without the suggestion of the name in the catalogue even the most astute would not be able to decipher what the picture is meant to be. I could make nothing of "The Procession" until I knew its name and some one whispered "monks." Then it suddenly became clear to me and the effect more than simply pleasing. But "The Dance Around the Spring" is still a red-triangled mystery. I hear that two figures are disporting themselves merrily, but I can find neither them nor the spring. And as for "The Nude" and "The Nude Descending the Stairway," the one is nothing but a mass of shingles carefully arranged, the other the same mass in disarray. There are those who have made out the figures. They say with conviction that to see the thing properly you must not only see the figures coming down, but you must see the stairway going up, after the manner of things that pass the window of a train. Indeed, very few of these extremists try to represent a thing as we have been accustomed to have it represented. They do not care for the thing at all. In many cases they do not even care for the impression that the thing makes on the vision.

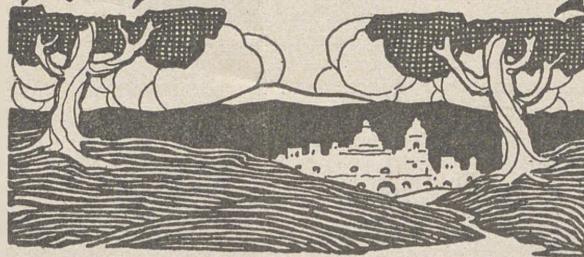
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But while the crowd is lingering about these extremists it is pleasant to roam through the other rooms and see at one's leisure the truly beautiful things of the more conventional painters and sculptors. One of the pieces of sculpture that is attracting attention is "The White Slave" by Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. She shows the tender, pure figure of a very young girl who has scarce reached womanhood. Her hands are locked behind her by the brutal grasp of a man who stands with outstretched hand offering her for sale. The man's figure is left in the rough and it is very telling. About this group with its timely message there is always a crowd standing. It is a splendid thing that the association has done, and a daring undertaking as the expenses are enormous, but the result has proved its value and it is to be hoped that the precedent that has been established will take form in an annual progressive exhibition.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, March 10.

By the Way



"Snailing" Along Up the Nile

Judge Walter Bordwell writes me from a point seven hundred miles up the Nile that he is "snailing" along at six miles an hour. "The ideal sort of trip," he says, "for one on a real vacation bent." The Jeyne-Janss round-the-world party is aboard and all are well including himself. "I'm in glorious health" is the way he puts it. The judge evidently is greatly impressed by the prodigious labor, the great engineering skill, the high degree of architectural ability, the consummate decorative art and the inexhaustible patience displayed in the construction of the exhumed temples and tombs, "all of which," he declares, "is a never ceasing marvel." The judge has certainly earned his vacation and his many friends in Los Angeles will be glad to hear that he is enjoying it so well.

"Natoma" Would Have Been Cheaper

At a prominent club near the Auditorium the devotees of bridge are telling a capital story on one of their number who laughingly admits its truth. Last Saturday afternoon he concluded he would hear "Natoma." Carelessly approaching the box office he chirped up, "Give me a three-dollar seat," plunking down a gold piece. "Nothing under five dollars left" was the brisk response. The applicant bristled. "Not for me," he muttered, reaching for his money, "I'll be hanged if I'll pay that for a seat," and back he went to the club and to bridge. In exactly forty minutes he was minus \$5.60. He now figures that he could have had three hours of music and still have been sixty cents ahead.

Naive Tribute to Mary Garden

"Jim" Mellus went to see "Natoma" and between acts strolled into the club with Hugo Johnstone, exclaiming in rapturous language of the Indian maiden, "Mary Garden's Barbara is all right," he declared, "but I'm for Natoma. She's the best ever." His audience yelled its approval. "Only, Jim," explained Hugo, "Mary Garden happens to be Natoma." Then Jim signed a ticket for the crowd.

Courage of the Shriners

Writing of Mary Garden recalls the song interpolated "between acts" in "Natoma," "I Love You, California." Only a Shriner who had braved the dangers of the desert could have dared to put across such a stunt in grand opera and I take off my hat to the aggregation of crescent rope clutchers responsible for Tuesday night's performance. Musical Director A. F. Frankenstein of the Orpheum has given the words a colorful setting, but O, the Silverwood office boy has done so much better in his heart-to-heart talks top of column next to pure reading matter.

Wintering in Geneva

Alden W. Skinner drops me a line from Geneva, Switzerland, the pictorial part of the card giving a stunning view of the Castle of Chillon in magnificent environment of lake, mountain and snow clad peaks in the background. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner plan to stay in Switzerland until May 1. He says all the villages around Lake Geneva are pretty and clean. Mrs. Skinner is delighted with the prospect. They heard of Dan Murphy and Judge Bordwell being at Lausanne and ran across Dave Hamburger and J. S. Van Dorn at Nice. He sends kind regards to his Los Angeles friends.

Trial of the Mad March Hares

Details of a mock trial that was held at Charley Lummis' house Sunday night a week ago have reached me in which Mary Austin, Edward S. Ellis, Maynard Dixon and Lincoln Steffens were the chief prisoners before the Shanghai Court of the Alcade mayor, on the serious charge of "Not Knowing an Old California Good Time When You See It." Joe Scott, I am told, never prosecuted a case more brilliantly; but despite his thunders of eloquence and with the pathetic plea of Isadore Dockweiler for his trembling clients and the obvious packing of the jury by its foreman, Robert N. Bulla absolved the culprits with a verdict of "Not Guilty, Come Again." On the jury were Dr. Norman Bridges, Prof. J. A. Foshay,

Charles Cassat Davis, Dr. and Mrs. Hector Alliot, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Naud, Bertha Lummis, Laura Lummis Schutz, the Misses Villa, Hernando Villa, Misses Miller, Gildersleeve, and many others, thirty-eight in all sitting at table. Music was by Rosendo, Homer Gunn, the Villa sisters. Messrs. Naud, Lummis and others carried out the scheme. All this also in joint celebration of the Annual Madness of the March Hares and the fifty-fourth birthday of Charles F. Lummis in whose house the ceremonial took place.

Beauties of the Prado

Back from a jaunt through Cuba, Wm. Mead held forth to me on the glories of the Prado which for several miles traverses the heart of Havana, is beautifully parked and 200 feet wide. "And to think," he remarked wistfully, "that we fought a whole year to get part of Vermont avenue made 120 feet wide!" There is a whole sermon in that comparison.

Looking For a Swap

Early days of trading in chips and whetstones are recalled by the proposal of the city to have the aqueduct owners turn over a number of mules instead of \$13,000 in cash which it owes the city. The finance committee of the city council has discovered that the public works department is in need of a number of mules and that the aqueduct has an oversupply, hence the suggested trade.

Will Try to Forget Postum

Responsibility for the affliction of Postum weighing heavily upon him, Millionaire Post has shown his appreciation of the beauties of Southern California by planning to reproduce at Santa Barbara a facsimile of the house from which Ramona was married in San Diego county, celebrated in Helen Hunt Jackson's novel. The Battle Creek cereal manufacturer will put upward of \$50,000 in the cottage. Instead of the original adobe construction, it will be of concrete, the tiles are to be hand made and imported, and altogether it will be one of the show places of Southern California. It will face the Santa Ynez mountains.

Secretary Snively's Good Work

As a secretary Clarence Snively is a distinct success. He vacated the office of confidential assistant to Chief Sebastian right after assembling and editing the fiscal report for the police department and landed in the mayor's office just in time to undertake the assembling and editing of the January message. A trusty newspaper reporter, Snively has carried his good training into the civic affairs, as his work testifies. Mayor Alexander is fortunate in his assistant whose first work in Los Angeles was on the staff of the original Evening News of lamented memory.

Keep Your Eye on Kirk

Applicants for the position of collector of the port of Los Angeles must not overlook the strength of Thos. H. Kirk of South Pasadena, whose brilliant campaign as candidate for congress from the new Ninth district is still fresh in the memory. Mr. Kirk is an original Wilson Democrat, a man of culture, a ready speaker and a student of politics in the best sense. If Secretary Lane were to recommend him to Secretary McAdoo and President Wilson should approve, it would give his friends in the district much satisfaction. Meanwhile, however, Corney Pendleton has a year or more to serve if I am not in error.

Foolish Newspaper Quarrel

It is an amusing spectacle which the two five-cent newspapers of Los Angeles are furnishing in their combined attempt to force the news vendors to discontinue sales of the one-cent Tribune. That grown men, who have made a comparative success of their business (regarded merely as a business) and who have large outside interests in which they have been likewise successful, should adopt such childish tactics, indicates a degree of monumental stupidity the parallel of which is seldom met. Their method is to charge newsboys, who insist upon selling the one-cent Tribune, four and one-half cents for their five-cent sheets, instead of two and one-half cents, arguing that if these boys can afford to do business on a half-cent margin for their competitor, they must be satisfied with a similar profit on the more expensive publications. They seem to have forgotten their dearly learned lesson of about two years ago, when the Tribune was established, for it was the advertising that the new paper received from the attempts to prevent it from being circulated, that gave the paper its flying start. Equally amusing is the pretense at hysteria on behalf of the "poor newsmen" on the part of the Tribune. These wise little merchants did not require many hours to find a way to meet the situation. Unwritten laws assign to various boys certain territory for the hawking of their wares, usually two or three sharing amicably a defined district. They have met the half boycott with business sagacity, and simply pooled receipts. Where

two boys occupy certain territory, one remains among the "faithful" of the five-cent combine, and the other handles the Tribune exclusively, the two sharing their profits equally at the close of the day. So, while the five-cent papers bully them and the one-cent competitor weeps for them, they proceed calmly on their way until the foolish publishers shall weary of the silly game, and, as they did two years ago, quietly abandon the fight and allow matters to flop back to normal. Why it is that the five-cent publishers deliberately close their eyes to the fundamental principle involved, is difficult to understand. The Tribune, a failure in almost every other respect, is substantial proof that the one-cent paper has come to stay. Throughout the United States the great newspapers have reduced their prices to one cent a copy, excepting where, as in California and certain other Pacific coast cities, competition is not keen and mutual agreements have been effective in maintaining the higher price.

Catalina May Be Dry

Unless the supervisors find a way to wriggle around the state law, Catalina is likely to lose its liquor serving privilege, for when the Santa Catalina Company applied for a renewal of the restaurant liquor license for the Hotel Metropole at Avalon, it was informed that under the present statute a denial must follow. The company naturally protests, asserting that such a ruling will be a hardship. Eminent corporation lawyers are straining to find a loophole out of the difficulty.

Real Arctic Explorer Coming

Los Angeles seems to be the Mecca of "near" and polar explorers at this time, for no sooner have we sent Dr. Cook, the modern Munchausen on his way, minus a libel suit against me, than announcement is made that we are to be visited by Captain Raold Amundsen, who preceded poor Scott to the south pole. He is to arrive here next week and will deliver a lecture at the Auditorium March 20, on his trip to the antipodes. At this point his lecture tour ends and he will at once begin preparations for his dash to the north pole, which he has scheduled for the early part of 1914. Norsemen residents of the city are planning to give him a deserved ovation, and a committee comprising one hundred prominent Scandinavians has been named to act as a reception committee.

May "Oxy" Land

Good luck to Dr. John Willis Baer, fellow Sun-setter and capable president of Occidental, in his campaign for \$500,000 additional endowment for his college. The present endowment of the college is in excess of \$300,000 and the assets are more than \$800,000. This is to be the last year the academy is connected with the college and next year it will be a full fledged collegiate institution on a parity with Stanford and Berkeley.

Better Than "Copy" Chasing

Arthur W. L. Dunn, former well known newspaperman of Los Angeles, who has been in the north for the last two months, is enjoying a brief stay here. Mr. Dunn is now secretary of the California Trona Company and is planning to open offices in San Francisco.

Point of View Changing

What a change of heart certain of our alleged political leaders are having. A year of two ago when Harriman was running against Alexander for the mayoralty the good government leaders were using such phrases as "the red flag of socialism is a menace to our city," but only last week Lewis Works visited the Socialist carnival which was held at Solomon's dance hall and told the assembled Socialists how pleased he was to be the guest at such an assemblage and that "the red flag of socialism is symbolical of the brotherhood of man to man." What office does he want, I wonder?

Adventurous Career Ended

Stranger even than the fiction which the small boy surreptitiously produces from under his pillow after he is left alone for the night is the story of the life of Ethel Hall, "Queen of the Smugglers" as the newspapers styled her, who died this week at the Clara Barton Hospital after months of suffering. She loved danger and seemed to thrive of law-defying acts that have caused brave men to wonder whether or not they would have had the hardihood to attempt as much. She was the leader of a gang of desperate Chinese smugglers, and elicited the admiration of the Pacific Coast immigration officials by the cleverness of her plans and the adroitness with which she evaded capture. She not only directed the movements of the smugglers, but took part in the management of the excursions on the gasoline launches used for contraband purposes, and many Mongolians were ushered into the long sought land of wealth and free-

dom under her direction. She was arrested late in 1911 after being detected in a scheme to smuggle a hundred Chinese into this country by way of Mexico. For a year she remained in jail awaiting trial, finally pleading guilty and receiving a light fine because of her ill health, but though she has smuggled thousands of Chinese into the country she told Judge Wellborn she could not raise the \$10 to pay her fine. Even when she was in the city jail she was planning smuggling excursions to be carried through by her lusty lieutenants.

Change For the Better

That was a commendable move of the county supervisors this week in arranging to provide for a new receiving station, solely for juvenile offenders, in the basement of the Hall of Justice. The rooms will be divided into two wards for girls and boys. All juvenile prisoners awaiting a hearing before Judge Wilbur will be retained there. The quarters are those now occupied by the probation officers, but they are to be transferred to the tenth floor of the Hall of Records. It is a change which the juvenile court and the humane society have strongly advocated.

May Entertain J. D. Jr.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., accompanied by his wife may be an early spring visitor in Los Angeles, according to a rumor floating around in hotel circles. He left New York Tuesday on the Steamship Victoria Luise for the Panama canal, planning to see the big ditch before the water was turned into it, and is said to have arranged to continue his way around across the isthmus, thence up the Pacific coast via Los Angeles and San Francisco and back to New York overland.

All Home Platters

Frank Batturs, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, T. C. Peck of the Salt Lake, and Assistant-General Passenger Agent Head of the Santa Fe were in San Francisco this week attending the meeting of representatives of transcontinental lines having terminals in California, called to discuss rates and dates for "Back East" excursions. It is rumored that a rate of \$60 will be made to Missouri river points and \$72.50 to Chicago, to be effective only from May until early fall. The dates are the important part to be settled as the roads are trying to make them conform with the various "home" conventions which have been announced.

Changes On Tapis

It looks as if C. T. Walton of Fresno might succeed Leo Youngworth as United States marshal for the Southern California district, Representatives Church of Fresno and Kettner of San Diego having agreed on his appointment. Walton is reputed to be a protege of Church and was a county detective in the former's office which he was district attorney of Fresno county. Senator Perkins and Works are likely to lose their committee chairmanships, the former as head of naval affairs, the latter as Fisheries chairman. Senator Smith of Maryland is picked as Perkins' successor.

Chief Eley "Gets There"

Chief Eley this week resumed his duties as executive head of the fire department having sufficiently recovered from the injuries received at the Hotel Brennan fire on South Main street a few weeks ago. He is not entirely recovered but is able to direct the movements of the department from his private office.

His Troubles Begin

Speculation as to Judge Lusk's successor in the council has ceased, and the suffragists of the city who had hoped that a woman might be named were disappointed when Wesley J. Bryant of Boyle Heights was chosen this week. He received six votes the first ballot and later a full expression. Bryant was escorted Monday to the city clerk's office where the oath was administered by Charlie Wilde. He is now a full fledged member of the council, heaven save him.

Among Our Notable Visitors

Many distinguished visitors are flocking to Los Angeles. Irvin S. Cobb who writes humorous essays and stories for the Saturday Evening Post, is here this week in the interests of that publication getting notes for an article on Los Angeles, possibly to offset the picture given by Willard Huntington Wright in Smart Set. It is his first visit here and he is "roughing it" as he calls, it in a "\$25 a day" suite at the Hotel Alexandria. Harold Bell Wright, of Barbara Worth fame, was in Pomona this week to confer with his publisher, E. W. Reynolds, in regard to the dramatization of "That Printer of Udell's," and he has been making frequent trips to the city via the fast interurban service of the Pacific Electric. Mayor

Thomas Berry of Winnipeg, Canada, has been a visitor of note at the Angelus and is going back to Manitoba this spring to resign from his office and bring his family here to effect permanent residence in Los Angeles. He is much impressed by Pasadena and other suburbs and plans a large country estate within auto shot of the city. Dr. William D. Carter, former pastor of the fashionable Madison Avenue Reformed Church of New York, is filling the pulpit of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church for a Sunday or two. Dr. Edward A. Steiner, president of Grinnell (Iowa) college and one of the best known authorities on immigration in the United States, is due here April 1 for a brief stay on his flying trip up and down the Pacific Coast. Leaving here he is to attend the Y. M. C. A. convention at Fresno, thence go to Oakland, Pacific Grove, Sacramento, attend the Pacific Coast Immigration Congress at San Francisco, on to the Oregon Agricultural College, then to Tacoma, Portland, Seattle and back to New York to deliver a lecture there April 26.

Boy Scouts In Good Hands

Such well known citizens as Joseph Scott, School Superintendent J. H. Francis, J. D. Radford, Rabbi Hecht, Joe Coyne, Judge Wilbur, Mayor Alexander and Chief Sebastian are now supporting the boy scouts of Los Angeles and have taken them from under the advertising leadership of William Randolph Hearst and his satellites. The boy scouts have been entirely organized with service as the prime requisite. All guns have been discarded and it is to be strictly a peace organization as is evidenced by the fact that Dr. David Starr Jordan is an officer. To do one good turn a day without recompense ranks among the requirements for membership, and the boys who join promise not to accept tips for any service performed. This is the correct note to strike. At present the local council is looking for a capable man who will devote all his time to the boy scout movement and raise the enrollment in Los Angeles from 150 scattered over sixteen different patrols to a unified organization of three thousand.

Come On, the Water's Fine

Millions of postcards inviting friends and relatives in the east to come to Southern California to visit and to settle permanently have been sent out this week by residents of Los Angeles and vicinity in conformance with a custom initiated by the Southern Pacific two years ago. The "Invitation Day" postcards tell of the greatly reduced rates for colonists to be in effect between March 15 and April 15. Five million of these cards were sent out last year by Californians and while the totals for this year are not yet received it is believed they will be in excess of the previous mark.

Looks Good to the Syndicate

"Burbank" is to be carried on right under our eyes almost, according to announcements made this week concerning the establishment here of a twenty-acre demonstrating station and propagating farm for the Luther Burbank creations. Rollo J. Hough, vice president and general manager of the Luther Burbank Company of San Francisco, who has been at the Alexandria the better part of the week, states that the beneficent climatic conditions here have prompted the company to establish a station which he says will become one of the show places of Southern California and that operations are to begin as soon as a suitable site can be found.

Citizens' Committee Gets Busy

With less than two weeks remaining before election the Citizens' Committee proceeded to business this week by opening headquarters in an empty storeroom on Spring below Seventh, and is now conducting an alert campaign for the passage of the eight charter amendments which have been proposed to the city organic law. As in a majority of campaigns in Los Angeles the committee waited until the eleventh hour before beginning active work. W. J. Variel is acting as chairman, and Harry Chamberlain, formerly a newspaper man, now a lawyer, is secretary. H. S. McCallum, who has been viewed as a possible mayoralty candidate is scheduled to give thirty-minute talks at noon to business men at the headquarters. Various debates with representatives of the Peoples' Charter Committee are being staged with George Dunlop of Municipal News crime as the chief debater for the latter. Twenty-five meetings a night are being held throughout the city. Frank Howard Tate is secretary of the committee on organization. Miles Gregory is assisting in the work.

Dickson Is Rewarded

At last, Edward A. Dickson, who has beslobbered his dispatches with fulsome praise of the governor, has his reward. He is appointed a member of the board of regents of the University of California. Our other Los Angeles member is the stalwart Judge J. W. McKinley.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

It is a long time between Wagnerian draughts in Los Angeles. The last of the Wagner dramas seen here, if I remember correctly, was the performance of "Parsifal" at old Hazard Pavilion, in April, 1905. Not until last week, when the Chicago opera company offered "Walkuere," was another of the Bayreuth works given. It is pleasant to note that a large audience heard the opera, for it is not one that appeals either to lovers of the spectacular or pleasant jingle. It was to be expected that "Natoma" with its appeal to local interest should draw a

values of the text, one must read an outline of the whole series of music dramas; and to appreciate the music of any of the works, one must be capable of a musical analysis which shall at least recognize the various themes as they appear, fully or partly obscured by the musical context. Suffice it to say, comparatively few who hear the works can rise to their full understanding or appreciation. As given by the Chicago company "Die Walkuere" score was subject to few "cuts," save that the Valkyres evidently escaped in the train wreck in Texas. The opera without



MDLLE. ADELINE GENEE AND MONS. VOLININ AT THE AUDITORIUM

big house; it was but natural that the sensation attached to Mary Garden's "Thais" should break the records of dollars in the coffer; and that the shimmering roulades of "Rigoletto" and "Lucia" should attract thousands of lovers of the "good old" Italian opera. But none of these is found in "Walkuere" and "Tristan and Isolde."

"Die Walkuere" is the second work in the operatic cycle Wagner called the "Ring." It shows the old god Wotan suffering from the demolition of his plans and the results of his own errors. To realize the dramatic

intermissions is about three hours and forty minutes long; the intermissions add at least forty minutes more. Good reason for announcing the overture at 7:45, even if it didn't begin until eight. The final curtain fell just before the next day began.

In "Walkuere" the cast is a long one, though its principals are only half-a-dozen. It introduced five singers of note who were new to Los Angeles, Mmes. Hannah, Stevens and Cisneros and Messrs. Whitehill and Scott. It will be noted that this was opera in German, but sung by an almost all-American cast, the sixth

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Programme: Friday, Saturday, Monday Nights and Wednesday Matinee
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Seats now on sale at Auditorium Box Office.
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COMING—CLARA BUTT

World's Greatest Contralto.—Mr. Kennerly Rumford, Distinguished Baritone.
Two Afternoons, March 25 and 29. Prices—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

member not being a "native son." The voices of Mrs. Hannah and Messrs. Scott and Whitehall were particularly impressive and the old gods and mortals of Norse mythology seemed to have stepped from their frames of foggy fable and to have become incarnated for the time, full of the dignity and power of their originals. Truly, a notable cast it was, one that has not been equalled since the appearance here of Fremstad, Burgmuller, Van Rooy and Muhlmann, in "Parsifal" and Schumann-Heink, Dippel, Bispham and Muhlmann in "Lohengrin"—the latter performance as far away as November, 1901. While the present cast was not the equal of those mentioned, we at least had voices that came not far behind them—and Dippel in the box office. And was there not compensation in the substitution of the Auditorium for Hazard pavilion, of barn-like memory and Alaskan zephyrs?

Wagner's operas—or music dramas, as he preferred them called—and on seeing and hearing the "Ring" one can easily appreciate the difference—are primarily intellectual. There is little appeal to the sensuous or the sensational or the spectacular, saving the immense spectacle of "Rienzi" or "Meistersingers of Nuremberg," when properly produced. He took his material for the Nibelungen Ring, or cycle of dramas, from the old sagas of the Norsemen, from the mythology of the German, even from the traditions of Buddhist records, knit them in cases, "Parsifal" for instance, with a thread of more modern Christianity; and wove librettos himself, works which are regarded as valuable additions to the literature of Germany, even when dissociated with music. Then his far-reaching mind took the idea of the "guiding theme," the "leitmotif," from his predecessors, developed it to a marvellous degree and made it the basis of a new operatic system. From the mass of fable he evolved a concrete set of circumstances, a new myth—so to speak. Leaving the innocuous, the tinkling operatic music of his predecessors in Italian and German opera, he evolved a style which in his day was held to be nothing but noise; in ours, nothing but music, so great has been the evolution of musical thought.

Mr. Dippel's company gave a great reading of the work. Mmes. Stevens and Cisneros and Messrs. Dalmore, Scott and Whitehall were equal to their heavy task—almost a thankless one, as Wagner gave little heed to the voice as such, his first love was the orchestra. One can almost pity Wagnerian singers in that each is simply a cog in the musical wheel—they must sing at full power a good deal of the time and then be covered up by orchestra. But that orchestra—how great the little man was in an orchestral score! And what a delight was given the whole week by the perfection of the orchestra under Messrs. Campanini and Charlier. Probably this was the best orchestral work ever done in Los Angeles.

I'll admit that I went to the Pacific coast premiere of "Natoma" somewhat prejudiced against the opera by eastern criticisms and by what I had heard played. But I am glad that the prejudice was not too strong to be scattered to the winds before the close of the first act. And as the work progressed my admiration grew. Space limitations require that detailed comment on the excellent cast must be omitted. "Natoma" is in the "Carmen" class. By that I mean it has character, a distinct atmosphere, vivid orchestration; and, with but few exceptions, has prompt and vigorous action. There are two descriptive arias sung by Natoma that might be reconstructed and partly blue-penciled with an addition to their effectiveness. Certain of the tunes of alleged Spanish color might be made considerably truer to their supposed nativity. Otherwise, "Natoma" deserves a long life and a continuous reception such as it had Saturday afternoon—an overflowing house and a most enthusiastic audience.

The modern composer rises or falls by his orchestral effects. The old-time composer lived or died by the vocal opportunities he gave his singers. Victor Herbert shows himself in this work a master hand in the concoction of orchestral tints. He gives us shades that are new—and unexpected; some of them he likes pretty well himself, and repeats them time on time. His high muted trumpets, his wood-wind combinations, and other effects are weirdly beautiful. He has melody, plenty of it. Nor does he

(Continued on page 9).



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

"In 'The Spirit of Modern Art' an expressive fragment by Van Gough which appears as the frontispiece in the March issue of Arts and Decoration it is said: 'The cart which one is pulling along must be useful to people who are unknown to us; our premonitions do not deceive us if we believe in the new art and the artists of the future. Good Father Corot said, shortly before his death, 'During this night I saw landscapes with rose-colored skies,' and are there not now rose and even yellow and green skies in the impressionistic landscapes? This, only to prove that we promise things for the future which, then, really materialize. However, we do not as yet stand at the rim of the grave, and we feel that art is greater and longer than life. We do not feel ourselves dying, but we feel that we are slight. And to be a link in the chain of artists, we pay the hard price of youth, of health, and of freedom which we no longer enjoy, like the poor cab-horse who draws out into free nature the people who wish to enjoy the springtime. That hope of Puvis de Chavannes must and shall be realized; there is an art of the future and she must be so beautiful and young that if we now sacrifice to her our own youth we must gain in joy of life and peace.' In offering this unique paragraph, I give it for what it is worth, neither commanding nor condemning it.

* * *

However, the new spirit of art is upon the land. Modern art, like modern life, is experimental. The chaotic state of commercial unrest has obsessed the root and branch of existence. We are heirs to the great unrest that follows an awakening and the beginning of a time is at hand. What will the end be? Will an end ever be? Art has never in the history of the world presented such an aspect of revolution. Old ideas and old standards are constantly being up-rooted and cast out into oblivion. Youth has taken a hand in the struggle and we can only watch and wait. The day of the extremist is always a long one and a balance comes only with centuries. What will time do to the art of today? Will one canvas live? If so the age that produced it has not been in vain. The present day has pointed out no accomplishments in the arts. We look with awe and wonderment upon good work of good men and for our own encouragement we say "great". In the depths of our minds we know it is not so. Charity becomes us as a rare jewel and humanity is wonderfully kind to the fellow-man. A painter puts a canvas before us and we admire it. For what do we do so? For the promise of the future or the traditions of the past? Answer in your own heart. Art is a noble profession, hence we must not allow it to become a masque for charity. A certain painter tells me that "art is self-expression." In instances it may be so. It depends on the individual, for heaven is my witness that self-expression is not art in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. "What is the aim of the new movement in art?" I inquired of an able painter. "To say nothing new," was the prompt response. My artist friends, is this true? It is, how far from success you are!

I am not saying one thing new. You sure there is anything new to

be said in paint? Wouldn't it be just as well to say a few things over in a new manner?

* * *

First annual exhibition of the work of the California Society of Miniature Painters now being held at the Woman's club house, 940 South Figueroa street will close Monday, March 17. The admission is free. This worthy collection consists of original miniatures by California artists, for which a medal is to be given for the best piece of work whether done by a member of the society or not. This medal will also entitle the recipient to membership in the society. In the present exhibition work by members in San Francisco, Berkeley, San Diego, Redlands, and Los Angeles is shown, thus making the canvases thoroughly representative. An art conference was held last Wednesday at the club house at which Miss Marie Crow and Miss Laura M. D. Mitchell gave short talks on miniatures and miniature painting. A feature of the conference was the special exhibition of valuable old miniatures which were loaned for the occasion.

* * *

Carl Oscar Borg gave an exhibition in Paris recently and *Le Journal des Arts* devoted a column to the review. Truly, this talented young painter is coming into his own in Europe.

* * *

Frank L. Heath of San Francisco has just closed a successful two weeks exhibition of oils at the Royar Gallery.

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Mrs. Anne St. Clair has been appointed curator of the Steckel Gallery to succeed Mr. R. R. Reynolds.

* * *

Mrs. Warren E. Rollins left Tuesday for Arizona. She will be joined later by Mr. Rollins who will sketch in the pueblo districts through the summer.

* * *

An art exhibition of work by representative American painters has been a feature of the public library art gallery at Long Beach for the past month.

* * *

Warren E. Rollins has just completed a large panel in oil depicting Indian life in Arizona pueblos. This important commission will be sent to Chicago where it will remain permanently.

* * *

The thirteenth annual exhibition of work by southwestern painters, which was scheduled for the last two weeks in March at Blanchard Gallery, has been indefinitely postponed.

* * *

Jack Gage Stark of Silver City, N. M., is passing a month in Los Angeles. Mr. Stark for six months has been sketching in Tahiti. While in Lower California he will execute several portrait commissions and hopes to work up a few landscapes for his London exhibition next season.

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Helen Balfour is holding an exhibition of watercolors at the Hotel Green in Pasadena.

* * *

Conrad Silmyrn, a young Norwegian painter, is exhibiting a collection of marines and studies of his native fjords at studio No. 403 Blanchard Hall.

* * *

Joseph Greenbaum has just completed a striking portrait of Mrs. Morris Albee.

* * *

Frederick Melville DuMond has returned from an extended sketching trip

on the desert and has opened a studio in the Baker Block on North Main Street.

* * *

Louis St. Gaudens, brother of the late Augustus St. Gaudens and himself a sculptor of note, passed away at his home in Cornish, N. H., Saturday, March 9.

* * *

The Fine Arts League of Los Angeles has issued invitations for the opening exhibition of the new museum in Exposition Park. This will be called the exhibition of southwestern painters and will be held in October.

* * *

Wm. Wendt has been invited to exhibit a group of California landscape studies in New York. He is sending seven canvases.

* * *

Elizabeth Borglum will hold an individual exhibition of her late work in oils in San Francisco early in May.

* * *

Mr. Allen D. True, a talented young artist of Denver, will hold an exhibition of late work in oils at the Friday Morning club house within the next fortnight.

Music and Musicians
(Continued from Page Eight)

chop it up into two-measure bits and serve only samples, as does Zandonai, for instance. He does not take pride in setting musical conundrums before his listeners—keeping them guessing as to what key he is in, as does Debussy. He does not delight in overwhelming dissonances, piling Ossa on Pelion, as does Strauss; nor does he, save in perhaps two cases, bury his singers beneath a mountain of brassy tone. There is melody, but not commonplace melody; there is harmony, but not the vague unsatisfactory, non-related groping that the extreme moderns affect. That the score is not of equal interest throughout does not call for condemnation, for what opera is?

With all this, Victor Herbert has remembered that in writing this opera he was cooperating with Mr. Redding in making a play; and the opera management has given equal cooperation in mounting and staging it with a fair degree of fidelity. But here we are more critical as to this opera than in the East because we know the locale and the East does not. But we have to discard fact when considering the blossoming Santa Cruz island, in reality as verdant as the desert, and the interior of the Santa Barbara mission, which church was not constructed originally with the necessities of histrionic performance in view. It looks as if "Natoma" should have a good lease of life, then, for these features: the wealth of orchestration, the flowing, though not trivial melodies, the opportunity for spectacular effect, and the historic connection, representing a distinct epoch in a section of the country that is growing rapidly in importance.

It was fitting that the author of the "Natoma" book should be present to witness the first performance of the opera on its native shores—Joseph D. Redding, of San Francisco. And equally fitting that he should be called before the curtain to share with Mary Garden and the others in the warm reception given the artists. Much more graceful than such speeches usually are were his remarks, clearly expressed and to the point. The cast and the director were justly awarded an ovation.

"Natoma" was substituted at the last day in place of the extra "Carmen" announced. As it developed, the wisdom of this from a boxoffice viewpoint was beyond question. Every company that has hit the coast has Carmen us, better or worse, and the Herbert

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
015440 Not Coal Lands.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, Feb. 8, 1913. NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker, whose postoffice address is Gen. Del., Santa Monica, California, did, on the 27th day of April, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015440, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of April, 1913, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
015525 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 12, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Ed W. Hopkins, whose post-office address is 322 W. Ave. 54, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 13th day of May, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 015525, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 11, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of April, 1913, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

opera well may be enjoyed a half dozen times. The season has been successful from all points of view. Even to have gone beyond the liabilities of the guarantors would have been a success, in the face of the immense sum required. There was too much risk in such a guarantee—it was too big. Opera companies like other business ventures, should take their own risks. In the face of his task of working up the guarantee and of the multitude of perplexing details in connection with the engagement, Manager Behymer has come out triumphant, if not greatly enriched. It is a pity there is not a big balance on the right side of the ledger. But to be a big musical manager a man has to be a big gambler—and "B" is, when it comes to music.



Social & Personal

Miss Mary Louise Maier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Maier—has set March 25 as the date for her marriage to Mr. Alfred T. Brant, the ceremony to take place at the Maier home on Grand avenue. Miss Maier is a popular bride-elect, and her friends are tendering her graceful compliments in many affairs. Thursday afternoon Miss Clara Leonardt of Chester Place gave a luncheon for Miss Maier, and for Miss Annie Powell. American Beauty roses were used in decorating the beautiful home, and covers were laid for forty-two guests. This afternoon Miss Evangeline Duque is giving a theater party at the Morosco followed by a tea. It is to be entirely informal—eight girl friends of the bride-elect being bidden.

Miss Jeanette Garner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lake Garner of West Adams street has chosen St. John's Episcopal Church as the scene for her marriage to Mr. Kenneth C. Grant of New York, which is to take place March 26. Miss Virginia Garner will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Alice Elliott and Miss Lucile Clark. Mr. John L. Garner, Jr. is to be best man, and the ushers are Messrs. Irving Walker, Paul Herron, Philo Lindley and Henry Daly. Tuesday afternoon Miss Garner was guest of honor at an informal tea given by Miss Kate Van Nuys.

In honor of Mrs. Howard G. Salisbury, a recent bride, Mrs. A. J. Salisbury and Miss Lois Salisbury entertained Wednesday afternoon with a large reception at their home on Menlo avenue. Branches of peach blossoms decked the living and drawing-rooms, while the dining room was fragrant with spring blossoms. Assisting the hostesses in receiving were Mrs. Arthur Conger, Mrs. Owen Churchill, Mrs. Charles E. Anthony, Mrs. A. C. Bradley, Mrs. Henry Albers, Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgeway, Mrs. S. K. Lindley, Mrs. Joseph D. Radford, Mrs. Mary S. Strohn, Mrs. T. W. Phillips, Mrs. H. H. Kerchoff, Mrs. W. S. Hook, Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mrs. J. H. Miles, Mrs. George Montgomery, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. Helen Steckel, Mrs. W. W. Hadley, Mrs. A. G. Strain, Mrs. F. H. Snowden, and the Misses Florence Clark, Hazel Childress, Gladys Conger, Mary Burnham, Florence Bowden, Marion Bartlett, Helen Brant, Gretchen Clark, Hazel Childress, Gladys Conger, wold, Angelita Phillips, Lucy Sanders, Eleanor Sutch, Muriel Stewart and Mamie Maier.

Mr. James Slauson and his sister, Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, left Friday for New York, en route for a three months' trip to Brazil and the Argentine. When in Rio Janeiro Mr. Slauson will represent Los Angeles at the National Exposition, which takes place in the southern city in May.

Mrs. William Stanton Gillespie and Miss Gillespie, who have just returned from Coronado, will be guests of honor at a Saint Patrick's bridge party with which Mrs. Charles D. Goldthwaite of Park View avenue will entertain Monday.

March 25 is set for the annual charity ball of the Los Angeles chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Patronesses include Mrs. Albert Stephens, Mrs. Wheaton Gray, Mrs. Charles Wellborn, Mrs. W. J. Chichester, Mrs. Samuel Cary Dunlap, Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, Mrs. A. W. Ellington, Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, Mrs. A. B. Stocker, Mrs. L. S. McKinney, Mrs. E. A. Hawkins, Mrs.

C. H. Hance, Mrs. Edward T. Sherer, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. G. S. Long, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Orro E. Monnette, Mrs. Walter P. Story, Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. Ralph Williams, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Martin Haenke, and Mrs. A. W. Strong.

Dr. Peter Janss and Dr. Edwin Janss will leave Monday for a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. W. L. Wade and Mrs. W. F. Adams will entertain Wednesday afternoon, March 26, with a card party at the home of the latter, in honor of Mrs. George Edward Mills.

Mrs. Lester L. Robinson of Beacon street will give two luncheons and bridge parties next week, the first to take place Wednesday and the second Thursday.

Mrs. William A. Morehouse of Bonnie Brae street is planning a series of bridge luncheons, the first of which took place Wednesday afternoon. Roses and ferns were used in decorating the house, while lillies of the valley were tastefully arranged on the tables. Sixty-four guests responded to the invitation.

Mrs. Henry William Simpson and Miss Doria Simpson of New York left Los Angeles this week for New York, en route for England, where they expect to attend the closing exercises of Eton and Rottindean colleges, where Mrs. Simpson's sons are undergraduates.

Miss Barbara Burkhalter has planned a simple ceremony for her marriage to Mr. Standish Mitchell, which is to take place Easter Monday. There will be no attendants, and only relatives will witness the service, which is to be read at the Church of the Angels. A reception, to be attended only by relatives and intimate friends is to be given by Mrs. Denis Burkhalter following the ceremony. Miss Burkhalter is one of the charming daughters of Mrs. Denis Burkhalter, and is a popular member of the younger set. Mr. Mitchell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Mitchell and is a Los Angeles high school graduate and a Stanford man, at both of which institutions he especially distinguished himself in athletics.

Mrs. and Mrs. Don Lee of Shatto place and their little son are in the north, enjoying the opera season in San Francisco, after which they will visit throughout the north. At present, they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee of San Mateo.

Mrs. Roy Brooks King of Harvard boulevard, who has been the guest of Mrs. Irving Hall Mayfield (formerly Miss Juliet Borden) at Mare Island, is expected home Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary S. Joyner of Phoenix, Ariz., and Mr. Ross E. Whitley were married Tuesday afternoon at Hotel Alexandria. Mr. Whitley is a Stanford graduate and a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity. The ceremony was witnessed only by relatives and by several fraternity brothers of the bridegroom. The young couple departed for a wedding trip after the bridal luncheon, and on their return will live in this city. Mr. Whitley being established in business here.

This afternoon Mrs. W. W. Stilson of 1048 Kensington road will open her home for a reception which is to be given in honor of Mrs. John W. Foster, honorary president-general of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Cabrillo

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Chapter, D. A. R. is giving the reception and officers and members will assist Mrs. Stilson in receiving. A special guest will be Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks of Indianapolis, who is visiting her son in Pasadena, and who is also an honorary president-general of the society. Mrs. Foster is the wife of General John W. Foster, a cousin of Mrs. Stilson.

Mrs. Robert Marsh and her young daughter, Miss Martha Marsh, are on their way to Honolulu, thence to Australia, for a two months' tour.

Notes From Bookland

American novels which stand out among dozens which a candid publisher will speak of as “just novels” are Jack London's “The Abysmal Brute,” Owen Johnson's mystery story, “The Sixty-First Second,” and Gouverneur Morris' “The Penalty,” which the man in the conning tower finds poor. Morris may be like Grieg, master of short flights, who attempting a longer one, as in a symphony of his heard the other day, flies like a hen that has to come to earth every few feet. The

title "The Penalty" is twice used. There is a new edition of Harold Begbie's "The Penalty," a novel dealing with an unnecessary clash between religion and love quite different to Morris' fictional melodrama.

"The Eternal Maiden" is being hailed as a wholly new thing in literature. Its title page describes it as "a novel by T. Everett Harre," a new American writer, but isn't a novel and its field is not quite new. It is an Eskimo story, primitive, simple, and strong. Rudyard Kipling in short stories and verses beat Mr. Harre to the Eskimo by ten or fifteen years, and a similar note of primitive realistic romance was sounded by Stanley Waterloo's "Ab," the caveman "lifted" by Jack London in "Before Adam." A like tendency of overcivilized art to reinvigorate itself by a return to primitive technique or theme is observable in recent French paintings and drawings now in the twenty-fifth Street Armory. We see the same impulse in that late Graeco-Roman sculpture which we call archaic.

Farnham Bishop, author of "Panama, Past and Present," is son of Joseph Bucklin Bishop, secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Mr. Farnham Bishop possesses a fund of reliable data on all phases of the Panama canal zone life, and his book tells just what every wideawake lad—and adult—wants to know about the history, conditions of living and work of that interesting region.

"The Gods Are Athirst" is the title of a book by Anatole France, translated by Alfred Allinson, published by the John Lane Company last week. In this, his latest work, France presents a vivid picture of the French revolution. The hero is a young painter, who lives with his mother in a garret. He is a pure idealist, and yet becomes one of the most cruel, relentless figures of the revolutionary tribunal. The women in the novel are complicated creatures of the fertile imagination of the author. One chapter deals with street scenes just before the assassination of Marat, "L'Ami du Peuple." This is the first publication of the series of Anatole France translations to appear in a popular edition.

It is an interesting fact that an American should have compiled the "most important book on Mexican law published in forty years." This is "Prontuario de los Codigos Mexicanos," by Robert Joseph Kerr of the Chicago bar. It contains 25,000 citations to the 7,275 articles in the three codes of Mexican law, and an elaborate system of cross references. The work has been officially approved by the Mexican government.

Will N. Harben, whose novel "Paul Rundel" was published a short time ago, told the other day of a unique club within an hour's walk of New York City. Several retired and professional business men had formed the habit of collecting driftwood washed up by the Hudson and of lighting a fire on the beach. Passers-by, attracted by the blaze, would join the circle about it and chat. Now this outdoor club has come to be a permanent institution. The fire is started every morning and kept up through the day by members of this democratic assembly, open to tramp or millionaire. The only requisite is good fellowship.

Literary Readings at Cumnock Hall
Lovers of literary interpretations will be interested in the series of Wednesday afternoon readings to be presented at Cumnock Hall in March and April. Professor Clark of the University of Chicago, who opens the course, has been foremost in raising interpretative art above the limiting traditions of the old school. Katherine Wisner McClusky, who is well known here and is a member of the Cumnock faculty, will offer readings of color and charm, while Isabel Garghill Beecher of New York will give studies of various types of womanhood. The entire

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program is as follows: March 19, "Les Misérables," Professor Clark; April 2, "Beaty and the Jacobin," Mrs. McCluskey, April 16, "Jeanne d'Arc," Mrs. "Beauty and the Jacobin," Mrs. McFloss," by Mrs. Beecher. Wednesday Professor Clark gave an interpretation of John Galsworthy's "The Pigeon."

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 7, 1913.

015450 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Maude Kincaid, whose post-office address is 726 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of April, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015450, to purchase the W $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$; N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 21st day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 7, 1913.

014936 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Edith L. Kincaid whose post-office address is 1242 Trenton St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 27th day of February, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 014936, to purchase Lot 4, Section 27, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. M. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$43.28, the stone estimated at \$21.64 and the land \$21.64; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 20th day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 7, 1913.

015696 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Claude E. Kincaid, whose post-office address is R. F. D. No. 4, Box 579, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 3rd day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015696, to purchase the Lots 1, 2, 3, W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 27, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$369.10, the stone estimated at \$204.55 and the land \$164.55; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 20th day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 7, 1913.

016851 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Orestes W. Lawler, whose post-office address is 364 W. 41st Place, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 11th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016851, to purchase Lot 6, Sec. 19, Lot 2, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 South, estimated at \$85.98 and the land \$85.97; Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$171.95, the stone estimated at \$85.98 and the land \$85.97; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 20th day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Not Coal Lands.
015975

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 18, 1913.
NOTICE is hereby given that John M. Elliott, whose postoffice address is 200 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 11th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015975, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 20th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 28, 1913.

015093 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Perry Whiting, whose post-office address is 415 E. 9th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 20th day of March, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015093, to purchase Lot 4, Section 7, Township 1 South, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$99.50, the stone estimated at \$49.75, and the land \$49.75; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 13th day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Professional and Business Directory

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CALL AND BROWSE



Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

It is a remarkable thing that the public ever accepted Augustus Thomas' play, "The Witching Hour," as there is so much in it that we have been wont to greet with scoffing. But the subject of telepathy, of mental control, is daily revealing uncanny possibilities; and with this as his theme Thomas has woven a play which is novel and at most times interesting, although the playwright seems to have been so fearful that his audiences would not grasp his points that he has sounded the one note to the verge of monotony. He tells the house what his play is about

ness. The story opens years after. Jack is conducting a gambling house in Louisville—a place of luxury and good taste, where the games are square (an Utopian vision!) The idol of his heart is his young niece, Viola; and he heartily approves when Viola and young Clay Whipple, son of his youthful sweetheart, find the great light in each other's eyes. Clay is marked with a pre-natal aversion to the cat's eye—an aversion shared and nursed by his mother, who has in turn inherited it from her mother. A quiet dinner party given by Jack is intruded upon by a half drunken "client" of Brookfield's, who has



DONALD BRIAN, AT THE MASON OPERA HOUSE

at every opportunity—giving the public but small credit for intelligence. Thomas has the gift of words—of writing good conversational dialogue. His cultured characters appear to be just that; although his feminine creations are a little weak. His story is an interesting one in "The Witching Hour." Jack Brookfield, gentleman, has the gambling fever in his blood. Yet he is a man of strong spirit and clean ideals. In his youth he has been denied the love of a young girl because he will not promise to eschew cards altogether. He is willing to promise that the game will be his slave and not his master, but refuses to bow to an absolute dictum, and so sacrifices his real happiness.

forgotten that the house is to be "dark" on that occasion. The wine-flushed youth discovers that Clay shrinks from a cat's-eye scarf pin which he is wearing, and tortures him with it to such a degree that the boy fells him with an ivory tusk and kills him. Clay's case seems hopeless. He is condemned to death, as his defense that he was rendered insane by the cat's eye sounds like a grim joke to the prosecution, which is doubly bitter because of the enmity of the district attorney, who hates both Jack and Whipple—the latter because of his successful rivalry for Viola's hand. But among the old papers of Mrs. Whipple she finds a letter from kindly Judge Prentice, an old

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and his celebrated orchestra whose superb concerts will be a feature of After-Theater Suppers in the Exclusive Mission Grill

After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

lover of her mother's, which shows that in his youth the judge has fought a duel with a young blade who tortured the girl with a cat's eye ornament. The judge has made a study of the mysteries of the mind—he has proved to Jack the strength of the latter's hypnotic control, and, naturally, is driven to consider Clay's case to such an extent that the lad is given his freedom. Perhaps, the most stirring scene in the play is where the district attorney, whose past has been disclosed by Jack, comes to kill the latter. Jack is standing in the concentrated light of a shaded lamp when the enraged man thrusts the revolver above his heart. He does not quiver, but exerts every ounce of mental control, and at his tense words: "You can't pull that trigger—you can't even hold that gun," the would-be murderer grows nerveless and turns away in defeat. It is theatrical trickery, but it is stirring. There are several phases of the subject discussed which would be interesting were there not too much of it. The Morosco company is giving the play a good production as a whole. Harrison Hunter's conception of the role of Jack Brookfield is an excellent one—with the gentle ease invaluable to the part, as well as the suggestion of the man's intense personality. It is a strong and careful study. Walter Edwards does a capital piece of work as the quiet, kindly Judge Prentice, one of the most charming characters of the stage. George Relph was scheduled for the role of Clay Whipple, but resigned at short notice, and the part was bequeathed to Robert Ober, who is excellently placed. The Frank Hardmuth of Thomas MacLarnie is another successful picture, while James K. Applebee as the quaint old "sport" of the Southerner shines brilliantly. In fact, to the masculine contingent the honors easily fall. Helen Robertson does not succeed as Mrs. Whipple. She scatters her emotions too freely and grimaces too lavishly, while her voice is forced to unnatural tones. Nor is Grave Valentine suggestive of the sweet ingenuity of Viola, for there is absolutely no shading in her work. The scenery is of the highest standard, and the men of the cast fairly excel themselves.

"Merry Widow" at the Majestic

Age seems to affect "The Merry Widow" like wine—it only adds to the golden sparkle, the heady effervescence of it. Perhaps there will never be another operetta which will so hold the admiration and adoration of all countries as has this scintillating musical concoction. The melodious and high-class music; the clever plot; the lavish scenic and costuming accessories; the sensuous, swaying dances; the really good comedy features of the offering combine to make it a production that has found a niche in the hall of fame that will never fit another. Never was there a more charming widow than this merry creature, and Mabel Wilber, who has the title role is no less delightful than the composer's creation. She is a winsome and graceful actress, a dancer of excellence, with vivacity and sparkle, a delicious way of playing this part—which she has essayed innumerable times—as if it were fresh and new to her, thus presenting it in just that light to her audience. This may also be said of Charles Meakins,

whose dashing, devilish Prince Danilo is a most attractive creation. Here is a dancer and singer who can also act—a rarity indeed. Their rendition at the Majestic this week of the world-famous waltz has not been tarnished by the corroding rust of time, and audiences still rise to it as though it were an innovation. Oscar Figman returns in his clever comedy character of Pop-off, Arthur Wooley once more plays his rollicking part of Nish, and Olga Roller, a newcomer, is effectively placed as Natalie, the flirtatious young wife. The chorus numbers are still as pleasing; the scenic effects as clever; the dances still have the flavor of being "different" and well executed. In fact, the entire production is one of rare entertainment.

"Freckles" at the Mason

"Freckles" as a story had a clean and friendly lure—the breath of the open places; of excellent, if oftentimes stilted, sentiment; a certain ingenuous, attractive feminine point of view that was unusual. But the charm of it was as elusive as a woman's smile, and the dramatist who has endeavored to garb "Freckles" in stage swaddlings has made a bungling job of it. Its production at the Mason is a miserable effort as a whole. The staging is funny—it would seem that any man who has even peered into the wooded glade of any country could lend a better illusion of the woodsy charm of the swamp Limberlost. A blunder that typifies the faults of the staging is shown in a log cabin which is merely painted on a drop and when the door is opened no interior is revealed, only the drop curtain of trees and marsh being shown as a background, which is certain to make the act ludicrous from the beginning. The last act, showing the home of a wealthy business man is conducive to hilarity. The playwright has failed utterly to grasp the opportunities offered, and the scenic artist and property man are equally guilty. The same may be said about the company. Julius Veile, a youngster of youthful magnetism, does very well with the role of Freckles, and sings with the sexless sweetness of a choir boy. But Carrie Bellemore, who takes the part of Angel, Freckles' sweetheart, is so mature that all the sweetness of their love story is lost. The character parts are poorly done, with the exception of John Marble as the Scotch Duncan and Digan Meredith, who has an excellent, if at times uncertain Scotch accent as Mrs. Duncan—even if she does wear a bulging corset beneath her gingham gown. Careless mediocrity is always a crime and this perversion of Freckles is truly criminal.

Bernhardt Still Holds at Orpheum

Sarah Bernhardt played "Phedre" Monday afternoon with such youthful fire that age fell away from her as a discarded garment. The version of this Racine tragedy which Bernhardt is using is a talky and long-drawn mistake, keen of interest only when the famous actress and Monsieur Tellegan are on the stage. These two hold the attention of an impatient gallery, which is prone to scoff at the incompetence of other members of the little company. Madame Bernhardt is almost beautiful in her Grecian garments. Her throat

and arms are marvelously youthful—it is seldom this actress reveals her throat—an excellent arrangement of drapery over her hair which falls in graceful lines to her shoulders helps to render the illusion of youth, and the profile view is really amazing. In "Phedre" she gives one a glimpse of the subtle color that must have marked her performances in other years—her climax is thrilling. The assistance of M. Lou Tellegen helps to sweep the act to success. He is a picturesque and virile Hippolytus and displays a magnificent physique which is in striking contrast to his poetic face. The Bernhardt act is sandwiched between the usual brand of singing and dancing acts. John and Winnie Hennings are entitled the "Kill Kare Kouple." John does the work, but Winnie has not a soothing effect on the careworn mind. The Hess Sisters are good dancers, but they will insist upon singing—save the mark! It is such a squally sort of singing, and one of the fair damsels

from 1710 to 1845. In this Genee impersonates such famous exponents of the art as Prevost, La Salle, Camargo and Taglioni. In San Francisco, critics and public have been wildly enthusiastic over this fairy dancer, columns of the newspapers having been devoted to the beauty of her dancing, as well as the abilities of her large company. It is said that the dancing of Adeline Genee is indescribable—that it lends new meaning to the word "dancing." The second part of her program opens with Nicolai's overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by the excellent orchestra which this star carries. The divertissement from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" follows, in which strange story-dance Mons. Volinian especially distinguishes himself. Mlle. Schmolz and a corps de ballet assist Mlle. Genee. "La Danse" is to be given Friday, Saturday and Monday nights and Wednesday matinee, and the bill for Saturday matinee, Tuesday and Wednesday nights will be "La Camargo,"



BLANCHE DAYNE, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

interpolates a recitation that is remarkable for its unconscious humor of rendition. If she were giving it as a burlesque the audience would probably giggle enthusiastically. Ignatius Cardosh, who plays without a tossing of the locks or grimacing at his audiences, appeals to the discriminating. Doubtless, if he were to adopt the insolent antics of other performers who shall be nameless and spangle his program with a few ragtime ditties the scions of vaudeville would adore him. Josie Heather's songs are very bad this week, and other holdovers are Dorothy Brenner and Joseph Ratliff and a burlesque pantomime.

Offerings for Next Week

Mlle. Adeline Genee, the world-famous dancer, will open an engagement at The Auditorium Friday evening, March 21, in "La Danse." It shows in chronological order (and with their original music) the famous dances

depicting an incident in the life of the French King's favorite dancer in the reign of Louis XV and Marie Antoinette.

Monday evening Donald Brian will open a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House in "The Siren," which was one of the biggest musical successes of the east. This is Brian's first trip to the west, as he is so popular with the east that he has never before been released long enough to visit this coast. He comes with his original supporting company, including Carroll McComas, a Los Angeles girl who has won fame on the stage. Other well known names in the company are Will West, Ethel Cadman, and Harry Delf, while there are many others making up the cast, including a large chorus and the famous sirens. "The Siren" ran for an entire season in New York and played a return engagement this winter. It is said to be lavishly cos-

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER
Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager.
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 17—6 MATINEES AND 6 NIGHTS.
First Presentation in the Entire West of the AMBROSIO'S MASTERPIECE,

"SATAN" OR "THE DRAMA OF HUMANITY"

A \$200,000 MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE PRESS TO BE THE GREATEST EDUCATIONAL FILM EVER PROJECTED.
Prices: 25 and 50 cents.

MOROSCO THEATER Broadway bet. Seventh and Eighth
MATINEES THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 17
The Morosco Producing Company will offer for the second crowded week
Augustus Thomas' powerful play,

THE WITCHING HOUR

With HARRISON HUNTER IN John Mason's role of Jack Brookfield; HELEN ROBERTSON in her original role; WALTER EDWARDS as Judge Prentiss, AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE MOROSCO COMPANY IN THE CAST.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street.
Near Sixth.

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, MARCH 16

The Burbank players will offer for the fifth big week, the funniest of comedies,

"The Elixir of Youth"

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th. Home 10477. Main 977
AMERICA'S FINEST THEATER—ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, MARCH 17
CRESSY & DAYNE "The Man Who Remembered" "PUSS IN BOOTS" With W. J. Kennedy & Co.
EDISON'S KINETOPHONE—TALKING MOTION PICTURES The World's Eighth Wonder
VOLANT "The Flying Piano" EDWARDS, RYAN & TIERNEY
HAL & FRANCES "The Stock Farm" APDALE'S CIRCUS HESS SISTERS
Orpheum Symphony Orchestra 2 and 8 p. m. World's News in Motion Views.
Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c; Boxes \$1. Matinee at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c; Boxes 75c.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

Broadway bet. First and Second streets.

Charles Frohman—
Klaw & Erlanger, Lessees.
W. T. WYATT, Manager.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, MARCH 17,

CHARLES FROHMAN Presents

DONALD BRIAN

On His Initial Transcontinental Tour, in

THE SIREN

Best of All the Musical Comedies.
By LEO STEIN and A. M. WILLNER. Music by LEO FALL.

American Version by HARRY B. SMITH.

BRILLIANT SUPPORTING COMPANY

Including Carroll McComas, Will West, Ethel Cadman, Harry Delf and

Fifty Others.

Prices 50c to \$2. Wednesday Matinee. Prices 50c to \$1.50.

tuned and with excellent scenic environment, and is under the direction of Charles Frohman.

Sarah Bernhardt finishes her engagement at the Orpheum Sunday night in "One Christmas Night," and the bill opening Monday afternoon will contain two headline features, as well as the greatest mechanical novelty of the age—the wonderful Edison motion pictures. The headline acts are Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne, the best known of vaudeville's "legits," and the big B. A. Rolfe extravaganza, "Puss in Boots," with its company of forty. Mr. Cressy will bring his latest play, "The Man Who Remembered," a new creation given for the first time on this coast. Mr. Cressy has written more than two hundred successful playlets, and this is said to be one of his best. "Puss in Boots" is a fairy tale modeled after the English pantomime, with Will J. Kennedy, the noted animal impersonator, as Puss. It is in four scenes, with full investiture for each, and has a lengthy cast and a large chorus. Of the Edison Kinetophone, the talking motion pictures, columns have already been written. The instruments here have been installed by Edison experts, and have been thoroughly tested. Volant, who sends a piano floating through the air while he plays it, is another sensation. Edwards, Ryan & Tierney have a "cabaret" number, which in-

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JONATHAN S. DODGE, Director.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 26, 1913.

Not coal lands.
NOTICE is hereby given that Guillermo Bojorquez, of Palms, Cal., who, on January 6, 1906, made Homestead entry, No. 03756, for Lots 1, 2, 3 & 4, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 16 W. S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, Los Angeles, California, on the 9th day of April, 1913, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: N. S. Guzman, of Palms, Cal.; Morton Allen, Juan Vargas, Francisco Trujillo, Dolores Trujillo, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention
to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

cludes singing, dancing and patter. Hal & Frances, boy and girl, appear in a turn called "At the Stock Farm," with good lines and songs. Apdale has a collection of trained animals which includes even an ant-eater. Holdovers are John and Winnie Hennings and the Hess sisters. Of course, there will be the orchestral concert and the daylight pictures.

"The Elixir of Youth" continues to be one of the most popular comedies that have ever been staged in this city, and the fourth week of its existence has attracted record crowds to the Burbank, with no sign of diminution in attendance. In fact, it promises to prove a dangerous rival for the record breaker of ten weeks established by Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart." The piece is a laugh-producer of unusual merits, and a great part of its popularity is due to its production by the Burbank company, with Zellah Covington, co-author of the comedy, Forrest Stanley, Grace Travers, Beatrice Nichols, Lillian Elliott and the other members of the organization doing excellent work. The fifth week of the play will begin Sunday afternoon, and already the box-office receipts show that the capacity of the house will be tested at every performance.

In Augustus Thomas' play, "The Witching Hour," the Morosco Producing Company is giving an excellent example of perfect stock company presentation. The play is of unusual interest because of its novel theme and treatment, and it is staged with metropolitan lavishness. The several members of the organization who are doing remarkable work in the well-balanced production include Harrison Hunter, who is making a big thing of the role of Jack Brookfield, Walter Edwards in an unusually pleasing character drawing as Judge Prentiss, Robert Ober, as the juvenile lead, James K. Applebee as Lew Ellinger and Thomas MacLarnie as the district attorney. The theater has been crowded this week, and the demand for seats has forced the management to announce a second week of this interesting drama, to begin Monday evening. The Morosco company has in rehearsal Hayden Talbot's new play, "O Gee," in which Harrison Hunter will have the role originally intended for Nat Goodwin.

At the Majestic theater next week, beginning with the Monday matinee will be shown for the first time in the entire west the Ambrosio Film Company's latest and most ambitious motion picture production, "Satan, or the Drama of Humanity." The production is said to be an impressive one. The film is in four complete parts, showing Satan against the Creator, taken from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" Satan against the Saviour, taken from "The Messiah," by Klopstock; Satan in the middle ages and in the present day. It is a theme of immense possibilities, and it is said that the producers have achieved a distinct triumph in its evolution.

Clara Butt of London, one of the world's greatest singers, and Kennerly Rumford, the English baritone, will come to Los Angeles for two concerts, one Tuesday, March 25, and one Saturday, March 29, both matinees. In her own country Clara Butt bears the same relation to the singing world as does Madame Schumann-Heink in America. She is considered one of the best exponents of English songs that the world knows.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian virtuoso, will be the last pianist whom Los Angeles will entertain this season, and will come to the Auditorium for recital the evening of April 1. Lhevinne started his career as a prodigy, at the age of eight appearing as a public soloist. After a course at Moscow Conservatory he appeared as soloist at one of the Moscow Symphony concerts, interpreting the "Emperor" Concerto of

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

I.

Naturally, the fore-fathers of Arizona—those dauntless pioneers who hewed out standing room in practically an unknown and inhospitable wilderness, disputing the ground inch by inch with savage beast and still more savage men—were given more to action than to contemplation; and it probably never occurred to them that the dangerous episodes of their daily lives would one day be the romance of unborn generations. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet; but, alas! these rugged men had no valets and would not have known what to do with them. They were not even heroes to themselves nor to each other. Makers of history and founders of empires, they were too much interested in their self-imposed tasks to realize the vast importance of their mission, and they saw nothing remarkable or praiseworthy in the heroic routine of their strenuous life. They met and overcame each obstacle as it presented itself, merely as a matter of course, and when worsted in an enterprise they came up smiling, ready and anxious to face the next emergency whatever it might chance to be.

Could the men have viewed themselves from the standpoint of the present through the picturesque perspective of the years to come, they, possibly, might have found means to preserve a record of their doings for the enlightenment and entertainment of future generations. But the ones who make history seldom have the opportunity or even the desire to talk about it, still less to record it. Thus it happens that he who would chronicle the events of those days must perform content himself with the few gleanings he can gather from the memories of the fast shrinking little band of "oldtimers" who still linger in the land for which they fought so well. Fortunately for the historian, a few of the actors in the opening scenes of that tragic melodrama that introduced Arizona officially to the world are still living, and it is a notable fact that all of them are men of proved integrity and high standing.

But for a first historical glimpse of the region under discussion we must turn back far beyond the advent of the American pioneers. More than 385 years have passed since the first European set foot on what is now Arizona. From 1537 to 1540 four separate expeditions of Spaniards traversed her now familiar mountains and plains. Luckily these ruthless invaders made no permanent settlement, for they found no peaceful population which they could enslave, and they did not propose to do any work themselves. They wondered greatly, however, on finding numerous crumbling ruins and other evidences that the land had been occupied at a distant date by a numerous enlightened and industrious people. We marvel at the same ruins today; but no voice comes out of the past to tell us the history of this vanished race. They were undoubtedly a powerful people, and of a tribe that was industrial rather than warlike. Evidences of

Beethoven in such masterly manner that he was embraced by Rubinstein, who became the boy's patron, while Tschaikowsky acted as his musical mentor and Saronoff as his teacher.

Louis Persinger, the American violinist, who has already established himself in Europe, will make his debut to a Los Angeles audience the evening of March 25 at Blanchard Hall.

George H. Doran Company has just published "The Chequer-Board" by Sybil Grant, daughter of the Earl of Rosebery. It is a volume of stories of human pawns and pieces.

their labor can be seen in nearly every fertile valley and by every water course. They constructed vast systems of irrigating canals and built citadels and walled towns; but here our knowledge of them ends. The farmer often in these days turns over with his plow polished implements of stone and highly glazed and decorated pottery that surpasses the work of the modern Indian; the prospector marvels at the leveled ruins of former habitations, while the scientist theorizes in vain over mysterious hieroglyphics and elaborate picture-writing cut deep into the gloomy walls of mountain canyons.

Many theories have been advanced by ethnologists and historians, as to the identity and origin of those ancient dwellers in the land; and numerous have been the conjectures as to the mysterious agency that so completely blotted out that populous and powerful people. But in spite of all, their history remains as carefully hidden as the riddle of the Sphynx. Speculation on the matter though fascinating, is utterly futile and we feel that we tread on firmer ground when we come down to the old Spanish records of the quarter century succeeding the landing of Hernando Cortez at Vera Cruz, Mexico. The fact is well established by authentic record that the first Europeans to set foot in Arizona comprised the intrepid little band of five men led by Cabeza de Vaca from the coast of Florida in 1537. Among all the notable achievements and deeds of daring that go to make up the history of the exploration and colonization of the new world, there is none to be found that equals in courage and endurance that of Cabeza de Vaca and his followers in their journey of 2000 miles of unknown and formidable wilderness.

De Vaca and party had been members of an expedition commanded by Pamphilo de Narvaez, that sailed from Vera Cruz in the spring of 1537, in the search of the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth" which was reported to exist in Florida, the "Land of Flowers." But on landing there the enthusiastic explorers found themselves confronted by loathsome swamps, swarming with hideous and venomous reptiles and poisonous vegetation; and so disgusted and disappointed was Narvaez, the leader, that without waiting for the return of the little party he had dispatched under the brave De Vaca, he weighed anchor and set sail for home. It is a comfort to know that he met with a fitting reward for his cowardice and treachery; for his vessel was never heard of again and he must have perished together with his crew, in one of the frightful storms so common on the Gulf of Mexico. The wonderings of Cabeza de Vaca and his four companions will be the subject of a succeeding paper.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

016863 Not coal lands

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

February 19, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Edward L. Mitchell, whose post-office address is 428 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016863, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 21, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00 and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1913.

015648

Not coal lands

NOTICE is hereby given that Anna G. Dodge, whose post-office address is 3007 La Salle Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 27th day of May, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015648, to purchase Lot 7, Section 4, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$99.90, the stone estimated at \$49.95 and the land \$49.95; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1913.

015451

Not coal lands

NOTICE is hereby given that Mell Kincaid, whose post-office address is 1139 Trenton St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 29th day of April, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015451, to purchase the E $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 26, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$210.00 and the land \$190.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1913.

015852

Not coal lands

NOTICE is hereby given that John D. Heron, whose post-office address is 318 Security Bldg., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 24th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015852, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 11, Township 1 South, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of May 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1913.

015860

Not coal lands

NOTICE is hereby given that Elias A. Shedoudy, whose post-office address is 3865 Normandie Ave., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 24th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015860, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 21, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00 and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

"Mystery" stories seem to have an irresistible lure for women novelists, and Mary Roberts Rinehart has fallen deep into the gulf. Her latest exploit is "The Case of Jenny Brice," and it is almost impossible to think that Mrs. Rinehart is guilty. The work is crude and amateurish, the mystery is long drawn out without any features of zest or novelty to lend it interest. There is a certain unusualness in the setting of the story—a cheap boarding house in the river end of Pittsburgh, at flood time, and it would seem that with the inspiration of this mystery tending backward this novelist could have achieved better results. The woman who tells the story keeps the boarding house. She has been a daughter of wealthy and cultured parents, who has married against her parents' wishes and in her advancing years—left a widow and penniless—makes a living by keeping a boarding house. Yet, although she is supposed to have known the gentle things of life; her comments and outlook on life are those of a red-shawled, ignorant person at most times—entirely out of keeping with the author's apparent picturing of the character. Jennie Brice is a boarder who mysteriously disappears—although there isn't much of suspense about her end or the whys and wherefores. The love interest is obviously thrust in to appease popular demand. The entire story is told in a jerking, halting, cramped manner, without a touch of that humor which has made the novelist famous. Mrs. Rinehart should take a vacation from book-producing until she has a fresher pen and better plot. ("The Case of Jennie Brice," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill Co.).

Musical Stories for Children

Ring-a-ding-dill, ring-a-ding-dill,
The Hop-about Man comes over the hill.
Why is he coming, and what will he see?
Ricketty, racketty—one, two, three.

Modern minne singers to the children, especially amateur story tellers, will find in the compilation of Alice O'Grady, of the kindergarten department of the Chicago Teachers' College, and Frances Throop, of the Pickard school, Chicago, of a "Story-Teller's Book," a veritable treasure. It is full of such delightful fancies, that sing themselves into the childish mind and heart with their pleasant rhythm, and call for frequent repetition, as "The Old Woman and Her Pig," "The Three Little Pigs," "Chicken Licken," "Tatty Mouse and Tatty Mouse," "The Three Bears," and other favorites old and new. "The Hop-about Man," and his careless career shares honors with the interest in the fate of "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle," and the sorrows of "The Discontented Three." The stories are so simply related that a beginner may tell them successfully, and mothers of small sons and daughters will at once recognize the popular and lasting appeal of them. ("The Story Teller's Book," by Alice O'Grady and Frances Throop. Rand McNally & Co.)

Year Book of College Debate

Popular as debating ever has been as an educational factor it is only recently that reliable records have been kept as between schools. Even yet it is but imperfectly done. Two volumes of deep interest, therefore, to college, Wisconsin, Volume II, which "Collegiate Debates," by Paul M. Pearson,

Volume I, and "Intercollegiate Debates," by Egbert Ray Nichols, professor of English and coach at Ripon college, Wisconsin, Volume II, which deals especially with the forensic efforts of the leading colleges of the country in 1910-11. While Volume I gave attention particularly to briefing and methods, Volume II presents more of the finished product in the full reports of speeches of the contestants. As most worthy the attention of students the arguments pro and con of Harvard vs. Yale and Princeton and of Chicago vs. Michigan University and Northwestern on the feasibility of the income tax are given prominence. "Tax on Income or Rental Value of Land," Brown vs. Williams and Dartmouth; "Abandonment of Protective Tariff," Swarthmore vs. Franklin, Marshall and Pennsylvania; "The Short Ballot," Kansas University vs. Oklahoma, and others are quoted. Among the subjects of lively interest are "Minimum Wage," "Commission Form of City Government," "Direct Primary," "Central Bank" and "Open vs. Closed Shop." Bibliographies accompany each with helpful suggestions for preparation. A list of the intercollegiate debating organizations, a record of the schools engaged in forensic contests, their coaches and questions debated and decisions in 1910-11 further enhance the value and attractiveness of the work. ("Intercollegiate Debates, Affirmative and Negative," Volume II, By Egbert Ray Nichols, Ripon College, Wisconsin. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.)

Notes From Bookland

That discussion which is due in the next session of congress regarding the building of a national highway across the continent, along the old pioneer trails, to the end that they may be preserved as part of the living history of the country, will give further interest to a book, exciting enough in itself, but perfectly true in all its incidents, "Pilgrims of the Plains," (F. G. Browne & Co.) by Kate A. Aplington, a well known Kansas leader in feminist and cultural circles. Mr. Aplington lives at Council Grove, one of the famous spots on the old Santa Fe trail, which she herself traveled in early childhood. Her present story is based on her recollections, supplemented by the stories of other pioneers on that once dangerous and toilsome road. Her characters traverse it plainly and in the teeth of death sometimes, just as she and others actually did, and, as they go, the old human comedy of birth, love, and death goes on in that open sky-screened theatre, just as it would under serener and more commonplace surroundings.

Filson Young's "Opera Stories," in which he makes interesting short stories out of Faust, Carmen, The Magic Flute, Don Giovanni, Aida, Madame Butterfly, The Bohemians, Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci, and Hansel und Gretel has just been published by Henry Holt & Co. The volume is a companion to the author's "Wagner Stories," now in its third American and sixth English editions.

Under the title, "The Madonna of Sacrifice," William Dana Orcutt, author of "The Spell" and other successful novels, has written an idyllic study of the deep veneration, compounded of artistic sentiment and warm piety, with which the Latin regards the creations of his sacred art. The little hero of

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his tale is a Florentine boy, an acolyte, who regards a painting of the Madonna by an old master with a veneration which is reminiscent of the heavenly love of Dante. How the owner of this painting permits a copy to be made—a sacrilegious thing in the eyes of the devoted acolyte—and the results of the sacrilege, are told with a sympathy and insight which are only too seldom exhibited by modern interpreters of that mediaeval soul which still survives in the veneration of the Madonna.

"Vanishing Points," by Alice Brown, has been published by the Macmillans, together with "The Feet of the Furtive," by Charles G. D. Roberts. The latter contains sixteen stories. "The Principles of Prussian Administration," by Herman G. James of the University of Texas, appearing at the same time, presents the system of internal administration in Prussia with the purpose of putting the reader in a position to undertake a comparative study of our own or any other government.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, promise a volume of essays entitled "Intimations," by John D. Barry, author of "A Congressman's Wife," etc., and former dramatic critic of Harper's Weekly and of Collier's. "The Critic in the Orient," by George Hamlin Fitch, literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, is another work which will be published in next month.

Here is the environment in which a London interviewer found Mrs. Glyn, in her house near Park Lane (where the millionaires live), and seated in a drawing-room whose "colors rioted in bright defiance of winter." About her "pink and red azaleas bloomed in pots. . . . Elsewhere yellow chrysanthemums scattered their suggestions of sunlight. . . . Warm and rich were the tints of furniture, magnificent in range of tone and almost post-impressionist in effect." . . . And there, in such brilliance, "sat Mrs. Glyn on a Chesterfield, heaped high with brilliant cushions, a gray Russian kitten on her lap. Her red hair made a magnificent note in the color scheme, completed by her fair complexion and her changeable sea-green eyes, shrewd and humorous." Whew!

Readers who have enjoyed Mrs. Con-

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ger's "Letters from China" will be glad to have another book from her pen dealing with the two countries whose spirit she so thoroughly understands—China and America. As wife of the minister to China, Mrs. Conger was able to get very close to the Chinese people, and her new book offers a number of pretty little stories illustrative of Chinese ways and customs, together with stories of her own country which are intended to encourage patriotism and high ideals in the younger generation.

"The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, Jr., author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," etc., was published by Charles Scribner's Sons last week. It is a tale of the Kentucky mountaineers. In the latter part of March, or early in April, will be published "The Life and letters of John Paul Jones," and a new volume of the early American History Series, "The Journals of Danner and Sluyter, 1679-80." "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," by Price Collier, is announced for publication in May. It will follow the lines of "England and the English," and it is believed will arouse considerable comment.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lord Alverstone are among the pupils of a new institute of physical culture opened recently in London by Lieut. J. P. Muller, author of the "Fresh Air Book." Lieut. Muller is a firm believer in air and sun baths, but does not prohibit either tobacco or alcohol. He is a strong exponent of fresh air, not only to breathe, but for the health of the skin. Among distinguished persons who have practised his theories are Col. Roosevelt, the Kaiser, the Czar, the Crown Prince of Greece, and Gen. Bell, chief of staff of United States army. He has recently offered his services to the English Olympic Games Committee.



Stocks & Bonds

There has been a marked improvement in trading conditions on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week over last and brokers who predicted that March would be a scanty month are retracting to an extent. Business conditions, in fact, have been of a healthy nature and the exchange is once more carrying numbers of buyers' options, indicating that there is a better spirit and more life among the traders.

Union issues have been unusually soft this week, and it is believed they will be still softer at a later date. Union Oil has sagged to 90 from last week's figure of 92, and Union Provident sold Thursday at 100½ when not long ago it was bringing 107. United Petroleum is exceptionally quiet at 102, after having sold as high as United Provident. There seems to be no tangible reason for the slump.

Associated Oil which last week was bringing only 44 sold this week at 46½, and Amalgamated which is affiliated with Associated exhibited marked strength, touching as high as 89½. Local brokers predict that it is only a question of a short time before it reaches par. This was a top notch figure for the security which, last week, could have been purchased for 83.

Consolidated Mines is at the apex of the mining securities listed on the board and has ruled active, large quantities changing hands at 6½. The mill is said to be crushing the ore which is shipped to market. The result, say those on the inside, is that better financial conditions will overtake it.

There is not a great deal doing in the industrials. The big movement of the week has been in Sun Drug stock, of which security 3500 shares changed hands at \$1.12. There is an unconfirmed rumor that the Owl Drug Company is quietly taking in Sun stock with a view to consolidation of the two interests. Producers Oil is weak at 90 with prospects of a further drop. Los Angeles Investment is still selling at \$4.10.

The feature of the week in bank stocks was the sale of one share of First National at the record price of \$740, which is just \$10 higher than the stock has ever been reached. In general, bank stocks have been in demand with a preference for German American, Security Savings, and First National.

Bonds are still quiet, the only securities of this sort in which there has been any trading being telephone bonds.

The money market is unchanged with the banks ready to loan money where worthy collateral is offered.

Banks and Banking

Paper currency outstanding March 1: One dollar, \$173,912,960; two dollars, \$67,094,074; five dollars, \$548,525,052; ten dollars, \$714,344,547; twenty dollars, \$520,873,696; fifty dollars, \$80,554,490; one hundred dollars, \$121,108,570; five hundred dollars, \$20,984,500; one thousand dollars, \$102,140,500; five thousand dollars, \$81,305,000; ten thousand dollars, \$223,680,000; fractional parts, \$51,585; total, \$2,654,574,924; unknown, destroyed, \$2,511,945; net, \$2,652,062,979. National bank notes of each denomination outstanding March 1: One dollar, \$843,587; two dollars, \$164,312; five dollars, \$142,941,675; ten dollars, \$326,780,480; twenty dollars, \$228,161,900; fifty dollars, \$18,589,800; one hundred dollars, \$35,483,950; five hundred dollars,

\$89,500; one thousand dollars, \$23,000; fractional parts, \$51,535; total, \$752,629,739; less (in process of redemption), \$1,511,945; total, \$751,117,794.

Washington diplomatic circles and New York banking circles are rather anxiously awaiting the action of Secretary Bryan, on the Chinese loan negotiations. It will be rather unique to see Mr. Bryan in the role of a supplicant at the door of New York bankers, asking them to take a slice of this Chinese bond issue. Yet that is what it amounts to. It is a question whether Mr. Bryan is to follow the dollar-diplomacy policy of ex-Secretary Knox or not. The New York bankers do not want the bonds. It is entirely a question of national policy, a patriotic step to assure the United States a finger in Chinese trade when it becomes valuable and one for which the bankers get scarcely a "thank you" from the government.

Stock and Bond Briefs

In February the total amount of bonds sold by municipalities in the United States aggregated \$28,513,593. This includes \$4,493,000 state issues, of which Maryland contributed \$500,000; California, \$400,000; New York, \$1,593,000, and Arizona, \$2,000,000. This total does not include the \$3,430,000 state of Missouri bonds, for which agreement was made with the Mississippi Valley Trust Company of St. Louis to sell the bonds on commission and later declined by the company. In addition, temporary loans and revenue bonds to the amount of \$1,345,000 were negotiated, making a total of \$29,857,593.

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Claimant names as witnesses: William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Edward A. Mellus, Joseph A. Anker, William A. Lockwood, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Not Coal Lands—013966

Feb. 17, 1913.

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Profits, \$800,000.

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N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00 Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00 Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

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S. W. Cor. Third and Main

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E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and
Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$73,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

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V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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